

The Canadian Woman's Magazine • February, 1949

Fifteen Cent

Chatelaine

CHATELAINÉ — A Magazine for Canadian Women — Vol. 22, No. 2, Toronto, February, 1949



In this Issue
INDECENCY in Movies



Modess ... *because*

Why Tax Tooth Paste Twice?

(Three times in some provinces.)

An Editorial by
Byrne Hope Sanders

I'VE PICKED tooth paste as a symbol. It is only one of the many items on which a special excise tax was greatly increased during the war years. These items include such products as women's handbags, toilet articles, cosmetics, jewelry, and other needs which many women feel can hardly be considered "luxuries."

This special tax ranges from 25% to 35% and is in addition to the 8% sales tax. Both taxes are levied at the manufacturer's level. In some provinces they are pyramided still higher by a provincial tax.

How many women know these facts? How many who once knew have forgotten? How many feel that such taxes are still justified in this, the fifth year of peace?

Chatelaine has set to work to get the answers to these questions through its Consumer Council. We are doing this for two reasons: on the one hand these taxes add considerably to the cost of living; on the other, this is something in which every woman, as a consumer, is personally concerned. It is an issue on which she can express her opinion loudly enough for Ottawa to hear.

WOMEN'S INFLUENCE dominates the home. It is felt in a fair-to-middling way in the community. It is hardly felt at all in the national field.

The reason for this is clear. At home we have a clear-cut job to tackle. We know how to go about it.

When we go to work for the community we know some of the facts and we have the assistance of a group of women living in our community and caring as much as we do about progress.

But when we enter the national field, I think most of us will admit that, so far, we have failed pretty badly. We don't know the facts; we don't concentrate on the problems that concern us as women. We don't organize our strengths.

We'll learn one day. There's no doubt that what we need is practice in translating our ideas into a well-planned program of action.

In order to get practice we need something tangible to work with. This whole question of continuing wartime taxes on things we feel are essential is surely one for us to tackle as women, with initiative and confidence.

We need to know what other women are thinking and we need the facts regarding these taxes. There is little use in a woman's organization campaigning for reforms unless it feels that women generally will stand back of it. There have been too many failures in the past because leaders among women went driving ahead without sufficient evidence of support.

Facts in regard to taxes are complicated and often difficult for women's organizations to ferret out. Without these facts and without public support there is little chance of success.

AS ONE OF our 1949 projects, Chatelaine is bringing to the public the representative opinions of Canadian women on this question of specialized taxes next month. In addition we plan to summarize some of the facts, so that women, through their organizations, can study them, and make their thinking heard in Ottawa.

Budget time is coming in the Capital City. Surely these high wartime taxes will be one aspect of the budget on which women will want to express an opinion!

What do you think?



When **COLDS** are all around them . . .

It's **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** Early and Often!

THIS pleasant precaution, taken promptly, may head off a cold entirely or lessen its severity once it has started. It is easy to see why:

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on mouth and throat surfaces to kill millions of the "secondary invaders".

Make the regular night-and-morning use of Listerine Antiseptic a "must" in your family . . . especially during cold-and-sore-throat months. It pays!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., (Canada) Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario

Guard against Mass Invasion

When these threatening germs invade the tissue they cause much of a cold's misery, according to many noted medical men. Listerine Antiseptic's purpose is to kill these germs before they can stage such an invasion.

Tests showed that fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, germs on mouth and throat surfaces were reduced as much as 96.7% and as much as 80% one hour after.

Fewer Colds Tests Showed

And consider this: In tests made over a 12-year period, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds than non-garglers . . . also fewer sore throats.

Threatening "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

You can see by their names that they're nothing to fool with. Millions of them can live on mouth and throat surfaces, waiting until body resistance is lowered to strike. You can realize the importance of the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic to try to keep their numbers reduced.

GARGLING REDUCED GERMS AS MUCH AS 96.7% IN TESTS

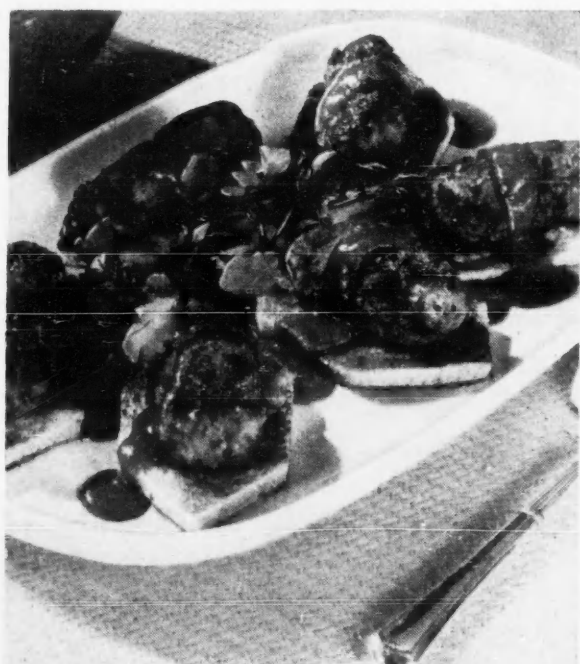
MADE IN CANADA

For Economical Food Planning

Begin with Bread!



More than ever now you're glad of baker's bread! It's *the* one big food item that's not way up in price. It's swell to eat by itself—nourishing, digestible, and delicious. More than that, *baker's bread is a menu-maker!* It makes all kinds of main dishes and desserts that please and satisfy—and *cut your food bill!* Prove it with these 3 tempting treats. You'll agree—food budgeting **BEGINS WITH BREAD!**



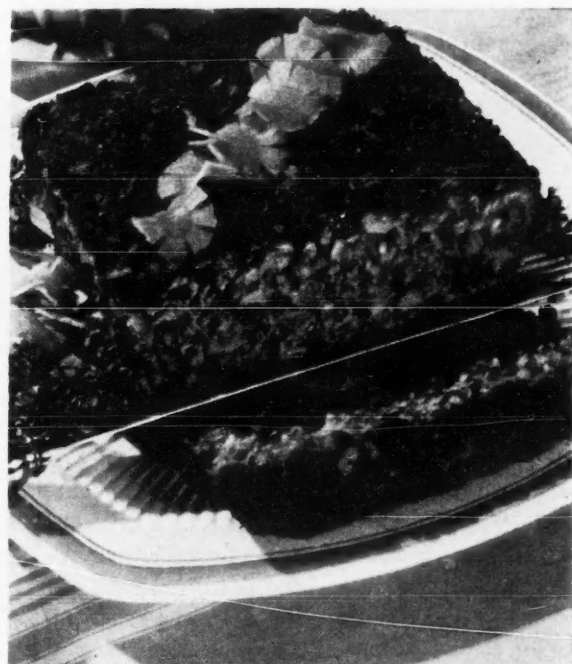
MEAT ROLLS ON TOAST

Mix 1 lb. ground beef with 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper and 2 tbsps. water. Shape into rolls. Roll in milk and then in dry bread crumbs. Brown in a little fat in hot skillet until done. Serve on toast with tomato sauce.



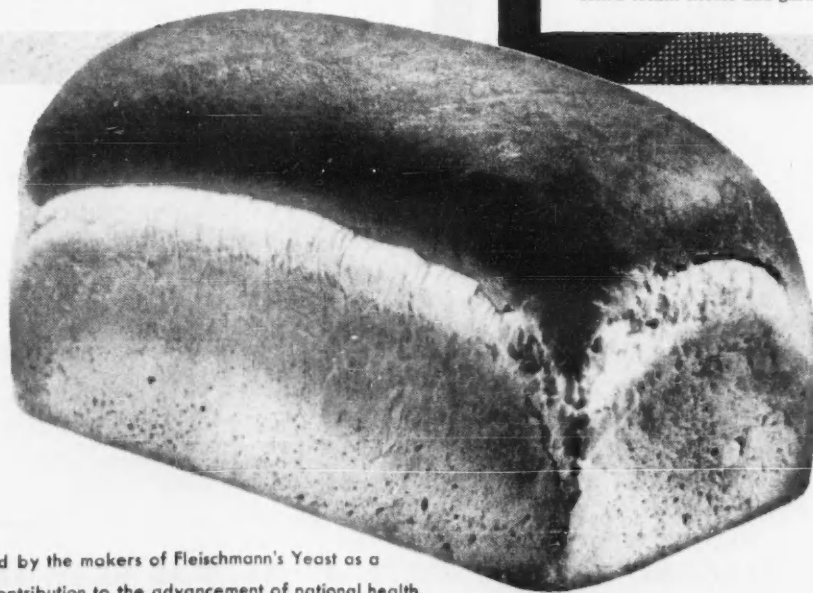
FULL-MEAL PARTY SANDWICH

Remove crusts from day-old unsliced sandwich loaf. Cut lengthwise into 4 thick slices. Spread 3 slices with butter. Spread 1 layer with a meat or fish salad, the second with mixed vegetable salad, and the third with pepper relish or a sweet filling. Place spread slices one on top of another, and cover with the plain slice. Wrap tightly in waxed paper and chill. Just before serving, spread loaf with moistened cream cheese and garnish. Serves 12.



FRANKFURTER LOAF

Remove skins from 1 lb. frankfurters and put through food chopper. Add 4 or 5 chopped carrots. Add 2 cups bread crumbs, 1 beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well, put in greased baking dish and bake at 375°F. about 45 minutes.



Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of national health.

BUY BAKER'S BREAD

YOUR BAKER TO-DAY supplies bread that's unequalled for tasty goodness and hearty wholesome eating. Baker's bread is one of the cheapest sources of food energy—an important source, too, of protein for muscle building and tissue repair.



BREAD'S YOUR BEST BUY!

On Such a Night

by ROSAMOND DU JARDIN

THE MAGIC of the night entered into Susan with the first breath she drew as she stepped out of the office building. Not that the air smelled good; it was the usual city mixture of gasoline and smoke. Not that it was even night yet, not quite. The dusk was the color of a ripe plum and through it the headlights of passing cars cut swaths of white. Ordinarily, Susan scarcely noticed the endless stream of traffic, the color of the dusk. But tonight her senses seemed sharpened, her awareness of every trivial detail about her more acute. It was a part of the almost painful specialness of this particular, this magic night.

The tiredness that was partly boredom with her humdrum clerical job drained from her as she walked along. A darkened window reflected her image and, womanlike, she studied it out of the corner of her eye without slackening her pace. Her year-old suit still looked modish, with its skirt lengthened a bit, a bright scarf at the collar. And the little felt hat, its upturned brim haloing Susan's softly curling brown hair, was new and becoming.

The round green eye of a traffic light beckoned her on, but there was really no need to hurry. She had plenty of time. Half an hour to get home. She'd be through dinner by six-thirty, through helping her sister Ruth with the dishes by seven. That would leave + Continued on page 28

She tried to keep her disappointment from sounding in her tone, aware of Ruth and Harry, quiet as mice in the room behind her, listening to every word.

Illustrated by Rex Woods



Mr. Pompton's Baby

by JOSEPHINE BENTHAM



A SINGLE sentence hurtled into Henry Pompton's placid little life, coming in the guise of innocence and giving no hint of its far-reaching effects. It was merely a question put to Mr. Pompton by young Bill Haynes, who was in a state of some agitation.

"Our baby sitter hasn't shown up," he explained, "and my wife's visiting her sister in the hospital and I've got to go to Trenton for my boss." Here he turned a petitioning eye on Mr. Pompton. "You can see the spot I'm in! Would it be too much to ask you to take care of Coralie?"

Mr. Pompton stared down at the carriage and at the object in it, aged six months. He could not have been more unnerved if he had been asked to care for a herd of buffalo.

"It won't be more than a couple of hours at most," young Haynes went on. "All you have to do is wheel her in the park and sit there."

Mr. Pompton, he implied, might as well be sitting on a park bench, joggling a baby carriage, as sitting on a front step, doing nothing whatever. The Haynes' acquaintance with Mr. Pompton sprang from the fact that he could be observed so frequently, sitting on the front step of his rooming house, peering detachedly at his world. He was a frail and forgotten old man, so immersed in his

loneliness that it had become almost a natural element.

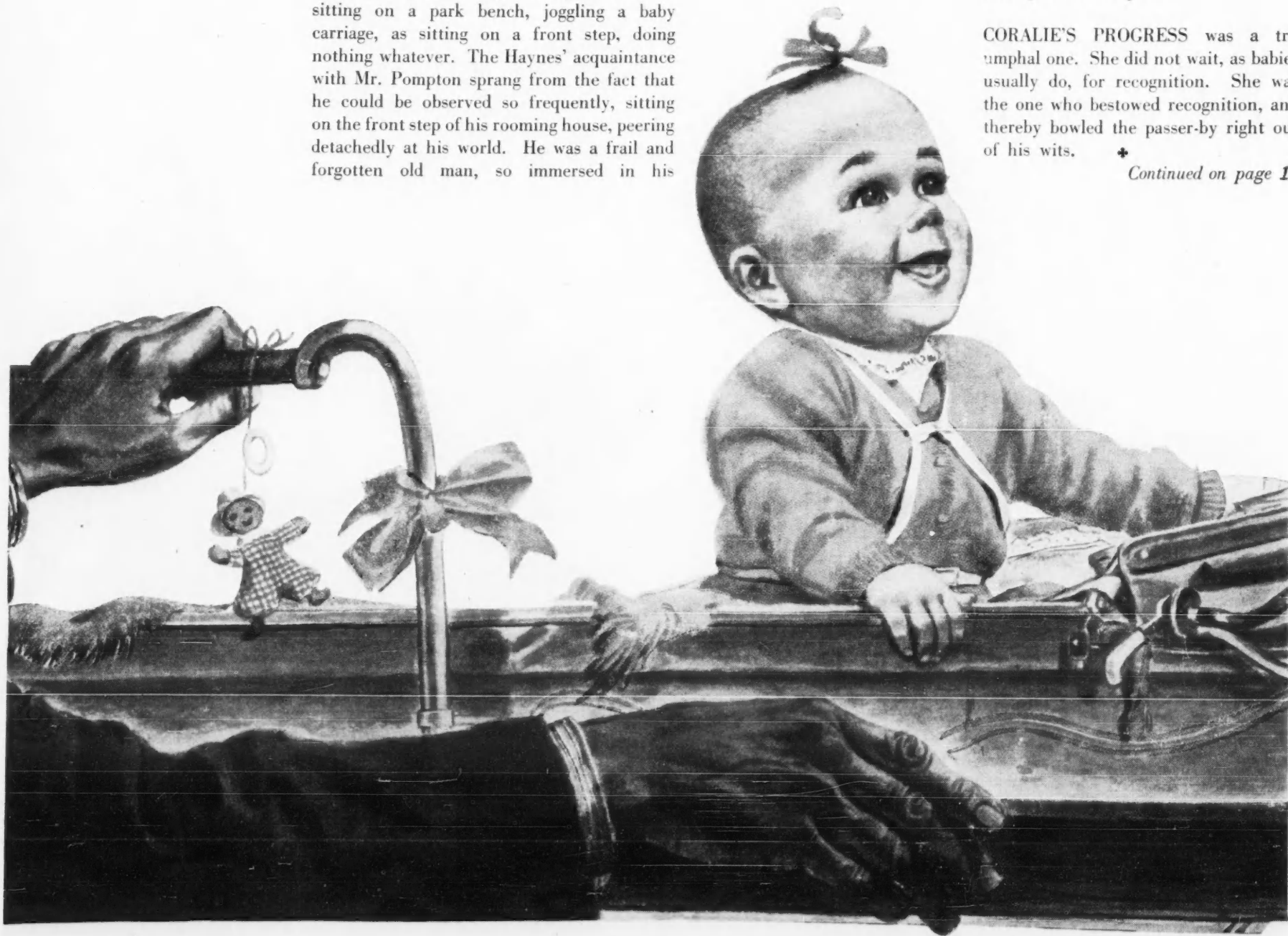
"No, no," he said, now. "I wouldn't know how to manage. I wouldn't do at all. Oh, no, no!"

At this precise moment Coralie Haynes awakened and allowed her father to prop her up in her carriage. She was a large, plump baby, saved from total baldness by a wisp of fair hair, fine as floss, curving like a small question mark on top of her head. In no physical feature did she differ greatly from other beings of her kind. Her unique distinction came into evidence when her gaze rested on Mr. Pompton. An expression of awe had come into her eyes. She was clearly astonished to have found a human creature so remarkable, so superior in every way. But the astonishment was replaced by a beam of impish good-fellowship. "You and I understand each other," she seemed to say. "You and I, of all the world." And she wound up this performance by cackling aloud in pure delight.

Five minutes later Mr. Pompton was wheeling the baby carriage into the park.

CORALIE'S PROGRESS was a triumphal one. She did not wait, as babies usually do, for recognition. She was the one who bestowed recognition, and thereby bowled the passer-by right out of his wits. +

Continued on page 18





Coralie's progress was a triumphal one. She smiled at the world and the world smiled back, for every second of life was her own little gay balloon.

Illustrated by George Porter

Indecency in Movies

Depends on Where You Live

by Frances Mullin Clark

General Manager, International Film News Agency, London



WHAT makes a motion picture fit for public consumption? Is it the way sex is treated? The amount of leg or bosom exposed in (or deleted from) closeups? The use of twin, as opposed to double, beds in domestic scenes? The soft toning of brutality, sadism and degeneracy, and the censoring of drinking scenes?

It all depends on what part of the world you see your movies in! Twenty inches of leg may be okay in the U. S., and banned in Britain; with just the reverse attitude on the plunging neckline issue. No alcoholic drinks may be shown in India. China insists that slit skirts on the screen be sewn down to the knee. Latin countries bar all mention of suicide, and ultra-moral Spain gives all the film makers a headache.

Remember "Brief Encounter"—the pleasant English story of a mild love affair which never developed beyond a platonic state? It proved too strong meat for the Spanish censor. "Potentially adulterous" was the verdict. And that went too, for the illicit love affair in Tolstoy's immortal "Anna Karenina."

In Canada, with no Federal censor, every film shown must pass varying standards of each provincial board of censorship. In Ontario, apparently, Hollywood ethics have the edge over Britain by considerable measure. For in 1947 cuts were made in 62% of British films as compared with changes required in only 17% of those from the U. S. While on the whole Canadian provincial censors are inclined to follow rulings made in Ontario, an interesting split of opinion occurred over the notorious British film, "Wicked Lady." Ontario, Quebec and Alberta eliminated much of the moot "cleavage" shown in true-to-period historic gowns, while the rest of Canada let it go through.

So great has been the difference in moral attitudes between the United States and Britain that British film makers, urgently in need of selling their product to the United States, now send scripts to New York to be vetted long before shooting begins. Probably greatest cause of dissension between British producers and American censors is the historical film. The land that has cradled so much of our joint beginnings likes to present things pretty much as they really happened. But when history meets the Breen code of the Motion Picture Producers

In the British South Sea idyl, "Blue Lagoon," Donald Houston and Jean Simmons take a romantic scene standing. The U. S. sets up rigid regulations regarding reclining love sequences.

Every country has strangely different ideas about film censorship; and it keeps the film makers thinking in a dozen languages to produce pictures that will pass the widely varying standards

of America it has to measure up to the restricted behavior pattern laid down by the powers-that-be, or be changed. Almost inured to surprise in this respect, Britain still found the censorship of Sir Laurence Olivier's production of Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth" hard to take; but was prepared for veto of parts of "Hamlet."

Ace British producer Sidney Box frequently runs afoul of American censors. For American audiences his "Bad Lord Byron" with its incestuous overtones, was, in his words, "dehydrated to the point of distorting history." Most astonishing example of U. S. censorship recently to British producers has been the ruling out of the suicide of gallant Captain Oates in "Scott of the Antarctic"—although the incident actually occurred within living memory!

On the other hand, British censors cut a razor scene from H. G. Wells' "The History of Mr. Polly" which was allowed in the U. S.; but American censors took out the profanity which remained in the British version. And the key scene in which Mr. Polly sets

fire to his own drapery store had to be changed for American consumption to be shown as an accidental conflagration. There is an agreement between insurance companies and film producers in the U. S. to bar the screening of arson! American film banned in Britain was "King of Kings," because Christ was a living player.

There are few subjects Italy and Rome will not touch on the screen—and perhaps from these countries will come, eventually, a new approach to censorship. Opposition is being met in both Britain and the U. S. to the sensational Italian "Without Pity," because of its love affair between a Negro G.I. and a white girl.

Today the feeling among enlightened film goers as well as critics is that films should be checked for artistic integrity. Purged of insidious suggestiveness the screen could then allow sincere freedom of expression unshackled by irresponsible prudery. And that there should be a universal rating of children's films in Canada, Britain and the U. S. which parents everywhere could trust.



Some of the poet's scenes with his half-sister were cut from "The Bad Lord Byron" for American showing. Suggestion of incest is forbidden.

Britain accepts historically correct low necklines (like Margaret Lockwood's in "Cardboard Cavalier") but not U.S. It's the other way around for 20-inch leg shots.



Scenes like this with Canadian Paul Dupuis in the British "White Unicorn" were cut by 10 minutes for U.S. Canada's ideas are more like those of English.



French and Italian studios find U.S. and British "bed laws" a problem, for they consider double bed natural concomitant of domestic life. Spain is most rigid "censoring" country with Latin America next.



Alberta, Quebec and Ontario deleted the vicious choking scene from James Mason's psychological murder story "The Upturned Glass." Other provinces allowed it.



XYLEBORUS," Berit read aloud to the empty office. "A genus of small beetles which bore into oak and other timber." She looked up with a frown of fierce concentration. "Xyleborus. Now I wonder how you could work that into a sentence. The Xyleborus is eating my orchard. Aren't the Xyleborus beautiful tonight? That sounds phony. Besides no one would know what it means."

"I know what it means," George said from the doorway. "It means my prize reader is going slowly and appallingly crazy. What's come over you anyway—hibernating in here after hours devouring the dictionary? Could be you're after my job?"

"No." Berit blinked politely at the absurdity of the idea. George MacIlvane was not only her boss but the second-in-command of the MacIlvane Publishing Company. "I'm just striving to improve my mind," she told him, "for reasons best known to myself."

"Private?"

"Overwhelmingly. I might divulge them if you're really interested."

"I am indeed," George assured her. "I love to hear people's troubles.

It keeps me in touch with the world. Besides it's bound to be so beautifully revoltingly corny."

"Why?"

"All problems of young presentable females are corny." George wound his lanky frame around a chair and pushed back his horn-rimmed glasses. "However, I shall try to make like a sympathetic audience. Go ahead."

"Well," Berit began. "You know who Ricky Redding is?"

"The Ricky Redding? The renowned globe-trotter and author for whose enchanting books MacIlvane, Incorporated, is the sole Canadian outlet? He adds up to a neat little profit on our accounts. What about him?"

"He's a friend of mine," Berit explained proudly. "A very special friend. He is, you might say, the light of my love life. 'Tis for him that I am polishing up my vocabulary and all."

"No!" George whistled. "Well blow me down. I've been wondering why a spicy little redhead like you should seem so totally disinterested in eligible bachelors like me. Child, I bow at your feet. I didn't know you were even acquainted with Redding."



**You don't have to risk your
neck when you fall for a guy. But our
spicy little redhead
didn't know this, till she landed
upside down at the bottom of a hill . . .
and her beau came tumbling after**

by JOAN GAMBLE

Illustrated by Larry Harris

FALL for Me

"Technically," Berit admitted, "I'm not. This romance has, to date been conducted strictly by mail. It all started when I read Ricky's 'Dangerous Diary' and fell in love with him. What a man! Such dash and courage and verve and—"

"Skip the nauseating stuff," George interrupted. "Get on with the plot."

"Well, anyway, there he was in Africa having spectacular adventures and here I was in a nice quiet Montreal office reading manuscripts, and I simply had to dream up something about me to capture his attention. So I wrote and told him that I'd always wanted to set out to see the world too only on account of the supposed and highly illusory delicacy of my sex I couldn't. And I indicated that I'm a whizz at all the sports—swimming and skiing and hunting and riding. I'm afraid I exaggerated a little. I'm afraid," she admitted in a burst of honesty, "I exaggerated a lot. I swim like a cat and the nearest I've come to riding is patting the milkman's horse."

"I see," George said. "And he swallowed all these fallacies?"

"Oh, yes. He wrote back and said he'd always dreamed of finding a girl

like me—one who could quote Emerson and Lin Yutang *and* could lope up and down mountains too. So then we corresponded regularly. I sent him a marvelous portrait by Angelo. It made me look like Rita Hayworth. Angelo is a genius at deception."

"Apparently," said George, "he isn't the only one. Continue."

"That's all. Except that Ricky is on his way to Montreal this very minute and he'll meet me and see for himself that I'm about as athletic as a wet muffin. So at least I've got to try to appear intelligent. A man like Ricky is something for a gal to live up to, George." She looked at her watch. "I'll have to dash. I'm meeting Ricky at 6.30 in the lobby of the Royal James."

"Tell you what I'll do," George said, rising. "If you want moral support I'll drive you down to the hotel and stick around until you and the Redding get more or less acclimated. As his Canadian publisher I'll have to meet him sooner or later and perhaps you'd feel better with a bit of familiar landscape on hand."

Berit looked at him suspiciously. "Why all the fraternal benevolence?"

"Humanitarian impulses," George said piously. "I fairly bulge with them."

"That," Berit said, "I doubt. Nosiness is more likely your motive. Nevertheless I accept. It will save me taxi fare."

The lobby of the Royal James was crowded. George guided her through the door and took up his stand behind a potted palm.

"I'll set a course for the bar," he said, + *Continued on page 39*

It Matters More Than You Think

by VIOLET MOSS

Illustrated by Bill Book

WHILE Kath was rubbing a garlic clove over the leg of lamb, she looked through the kitchen window and saw Noreen with her friend, Eunice, coming along the street. They were far down the block, silhouetted against the late afternoon sun, but there was no mistaking that solid, chunky figure. Kath smiled ruefully. Call it "pleasingly plump" if you wanted to—but that didn't change the sad fact: Noreen at 14 was much too heavy, and something should be done about it—soon!

Noreen came stomping into the kitchen in those white saddle shoes that always looked so enormous. She wore her favorite dress; a grey and red plaid that was anything but slenderizing. "Hi, mother." She had an irritating way of looking at pots and dishes instead of people when she entered the kitchen. "Is that for tomorrow's dinner?"

"Yes."

"Going to have browned potatoes and gravy with it?" Noreen asked eagerly.

Again Kath felt a twinge of annoyance. Why must she always be so interested in the fattening foods. "How was the picture?" she asked.

"One of those psychology things. A little creepy—but good. I'll probably wake up screaming tonight." She sniffed hopefully around the kitchen. "Can I help with something?"

"Yes. Wash your hands and squeeze some orange juice for basting the lamb." Kath studied Noreen covertly as she brought out the orange juicer. She was a lovely looking child, aside from that little extra—baby fat, Kath chose to name it. Her skin was pink and white. She had round brown velvet eyes, and shining dark hair. Her hair was just like Ned's—if only she'd inherited his figure!

To be honest, she must admit it wasn't a matter of heredity at all. Nor was it a glandular condition; Dr. Hall had ascertained that. This was only a result of Noreen's loving the starchy foods not wisely but too well. And that might very well be Kath's own fault. After the child had been so ill years before, Kath, distressed by the thin little wraith who had emerged from the sickroom, had tried to tempt her appetite with fancy desserts and milk shakes. The appetite had

gradually strengthened, and in time the lost weight had been found, bringing with it some surplus.

"Look!" Noreen stretched over the sink to peer through the window. "There's Brick! Isn't he perfectly adorable?"

Kath looked at the tall husky young man with flaming red hair who was snipping at the hedge next door. "How can you know his name when they moved in just this morning?"

"Oh, I—just happened to be out in the yard today when they came. It's an older couple and him. They call him Brick on account of his hair, I guess. Golly, I'm glad the Wilsons moved out so that Brick could come here—"

"And I can see he's over 20—and much too sophisticated for a little girl like you to be so interested in—"

"Oh, mother! I'm not interested personally." Noreen gave Kath just the flick of a reproachful glance. "I know he's old. But he's the kind it's fun to worship from afar—you know, like Gregory Peck—or Alan Ladd—Oh, I forgot to tell you"—reluctantly Noreen withdrew from the window and started halving the oranges—"I've definitely decided to go on a diet—"

It was like the answer to Kath's prayer! But then Noreen continued: "No more oranges and apples for me. That acid fruit breaks my face out. Look at my chin!"

Kath wouldn't look. "Oranges and apples," she said coolly, "are not acid. They're alkaline, and very good for—"

"But they don't agree with me. Every time I even drink orange juice, my face gets messy."

Growing a little angry, Kath thought how ridiculous it was for Noreen to blame any complexion trouble on fruit while she indulged in those complicated ice-cream concoctions every day of her life.

Noreen remarked thoughtfully, "And I suppose my skin should look right for the Spring Dance—"

"What dance?" Kath felt a small stir of dread. So far there had been no dances—only small gatherings of the girls. She'd been afraid to think of the time when poor Noreen—

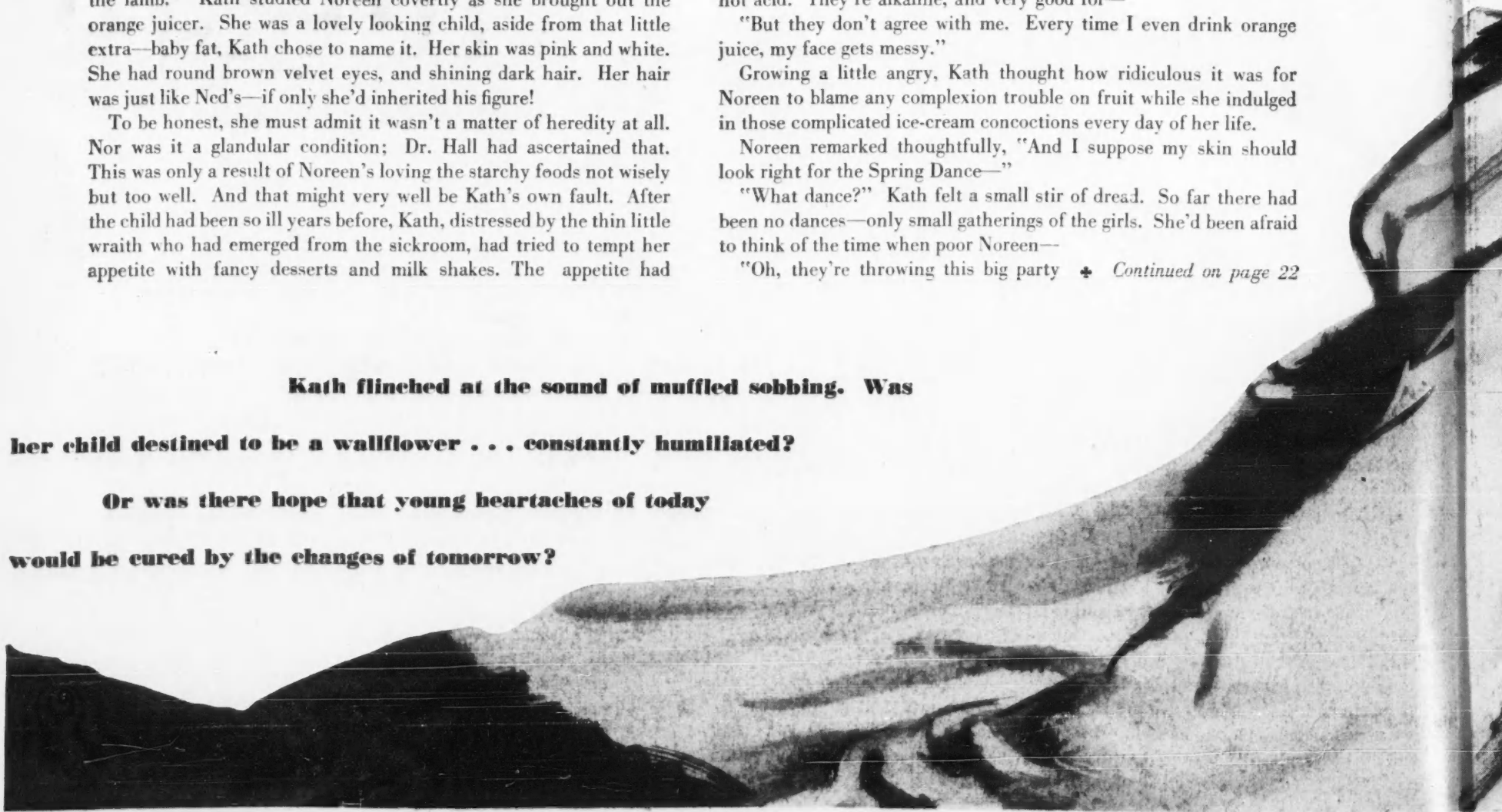
"Oh, they're throwing this big party + Continued on page 22

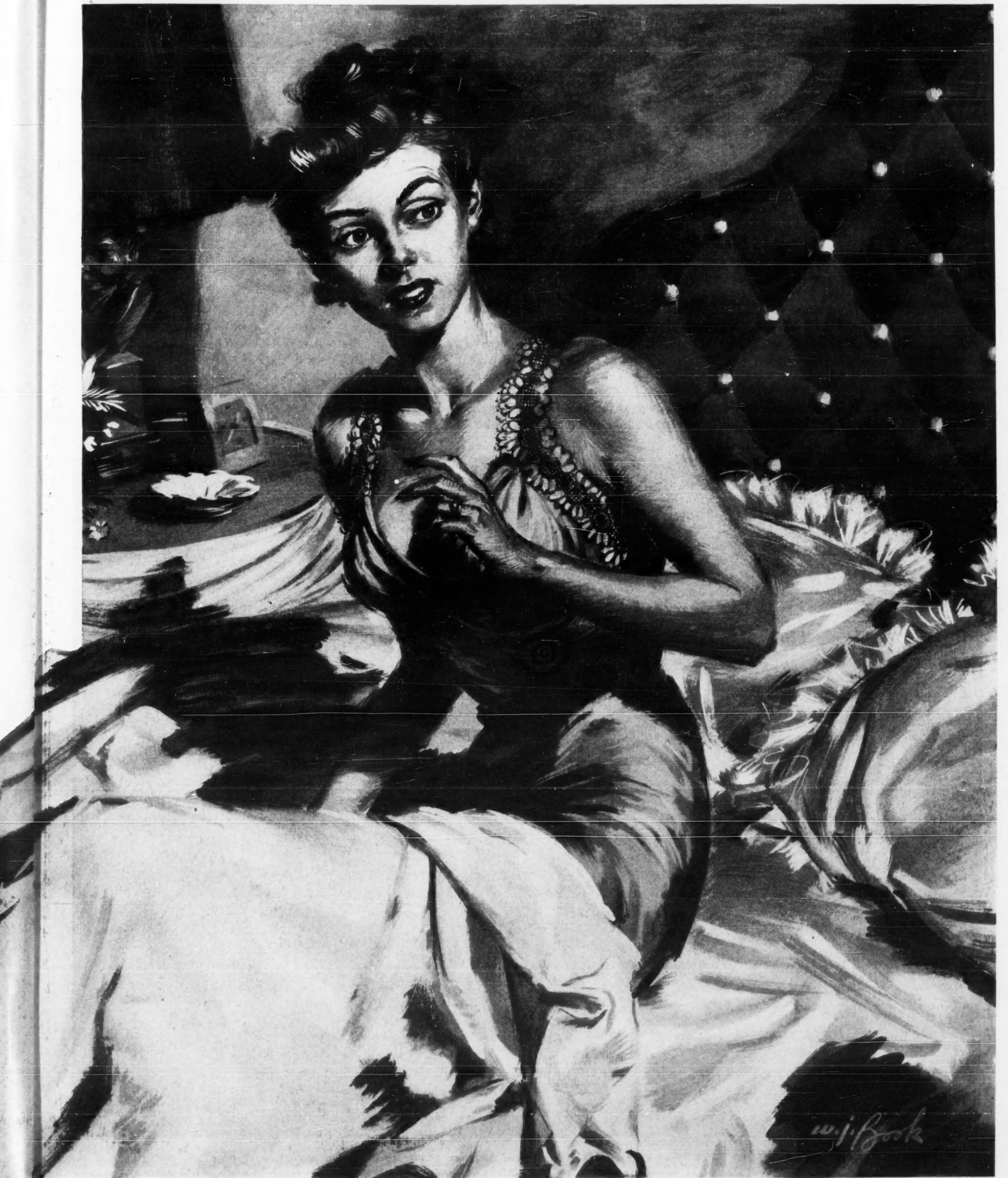
Kath flinched at the sound of muffled sobbing. Was

her child destined to be a wallflower . . . constantly humiliated?

Or was there hope that young heartaches of today

would be cured by the changes of tomorrow?





From the Institute **Really Personal Birthday Cakes**

NEXT TIME there's a birthday in your family you can be sure to make it a happy occasion with a "just for you" cake.

Of course, everyone enjoys the usual prettily decorated cake aglow with candles as it's set before him on "his" day. But we've discovered that he's more pleased and flattered if his cake has been specially planned to suit his preferences or his individual tastes. That is why we made and photographed the cakes you see on these pages. They are much more than birthday cakes—they're really personal! While each has been designed for one member of the family the patterns can be altered, if you wish, to fit more particularly the birthdays of those at *your* house.

The birthday cake begins with a good recipe for a cake batter. You'll choose the kind and flavor preferred by the one whose

birthday you are honoring. The size and shape of the tins you bake it in will be determined by the way you are going to decorate the cake.

As soon as the cake is cool, set it on the serving plate. It's apt to be too perishable to arrange on the plate after it's frosted and decorated.

SUPPOSING IT'S GRANDMA'S BIRTHDAY: Perhaps her particular fancy is flowers. If so, make hers a Posy cake. Bake the batter in a deep tube pan. Pile soft fluffy frosting on sides and top. Fill a small glass with her favorite flowers and set it into the hole in the centre. She may prefer this personal tribute rather than a candle-lit cake, having had so many of those on previous birthdays.

No reason why this style should be limited to grandma. "Mom"



This posy cake could be a personal birthday tribute to grandma, mother, aunt or sister, particularly if the glass container in the centre holds her favorite flowers. Pretty enough for the party table centrepiece.

by **MARIE HOLMES**
Director Chatelaine Institute

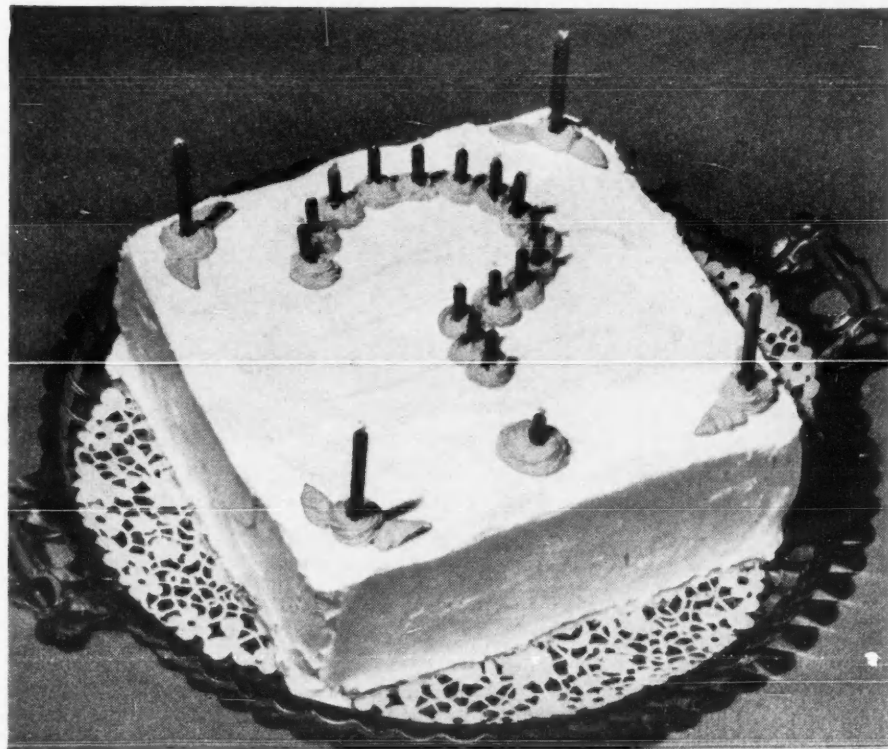
and "Sis" variations are possible—because all women, of all ages love flowers. Of course, the frosting may be tinted to match the personality too. Use a few drops of vegetable coloring to tint it pale green, pink or yellow.

FOR DAD'S BIRTHDAY, give his cake a truly masculine touch—no pastels or flowers for *him*! Cover his favorite cake with a plain icing (made with icing sugar, milk and flavoring) and decorate it in the design of his special hobby. If he's a chess or checkers enthusiast, mark the white icing, after it is firm, into squares with the point of a knife. Pipe along the lines with melted chocolate, using small hole attachment of your pastry tube. Brush melted semisweet chocolate into alternate squares for the checker-board effect. Just before serving add the chess men or checkers.

For a golfer's cake, use a toothpick to trace a golf motif in



Above: A merry-go-round on a plain sponge cake will delight the two-to-six-year-olds. Iced cookie animals go around the top. The kiddies can eat both cake and decorations—no fear of unpleasant after-effects, either!



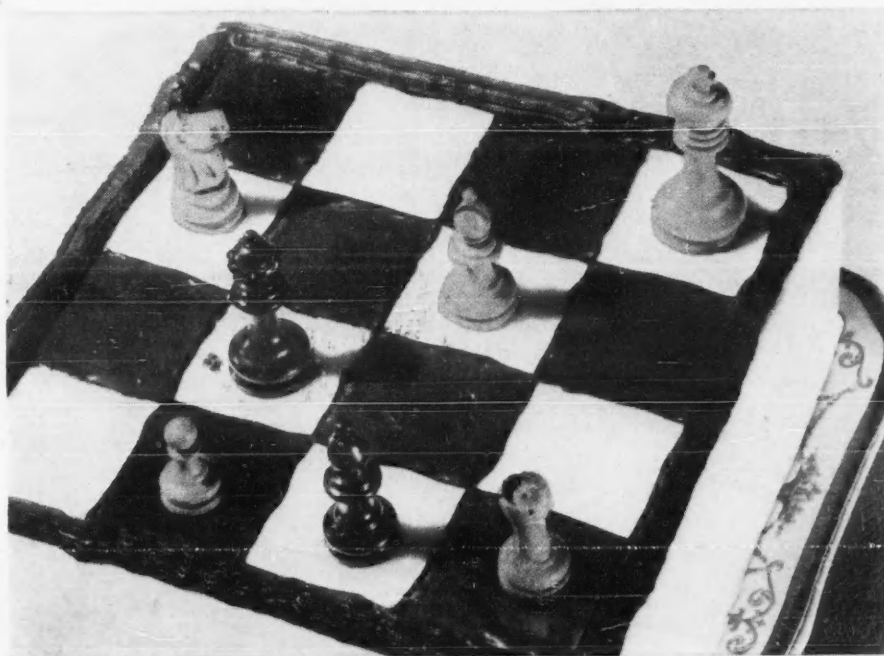
Left: For someone who's keeping her age a secret, here's a cake with a question mark candle arrangement that tells nothing but says "Happy Birthday" just the same. Icing in contrasting color is used to make rosettes for the candles and corner trimmings.

Below: A hobby cake will appeal to dad, big brother or uncle. It's definitely personal if the decoration on his favorite cake depicts his own most enjoyed pastime. Here it's chess—but might be checkers, golf or music. Draw design on icing with a toothpick first.

butter icing, then pipe the design with chocolate or other contrasting color. For the musician, a bar of music across a square or round cake, cherries for notes, will say "happy birthday to you."

IF MOTHER IS KEEPING HER AGE a secret, she can still have candles on her birthday cake. Just set them into icing rosettes that form a question mark. The same pastry tube attachment used for the rosettes can make corner trimmings or a frilly icing border around the cake. For contrast use different colors for icing and decorations. Pink on white, or white on chocolate would be effective.

EVERY CHILD loves a merry-go-round or circus cake. So for young Nancy or Junior circle the edge of a simple iced sponge cake with animal cookies, held in place with toothpicks (at the back). Festoon the sides with pink-tinted frosting and erect a tripod of candy canes or barley sugar sticks in the centre. As a final carnival flourish top the candy sticks with a flag or a ribbon bow. Recipes for Icings on page 36.



RICH on \$40 a Week

Anyone can economize grimly. There's something special about young people like veteran Bill Menzies and his wife Marie, of Hamilton, who are buying their house, raising their children well, and doing it all with deep and satisfying happiness.



Bill saved \$500 by finishing the second floor himself. Below, this is how their money goes:

Income		Bill's salary after deductions	
	\$143.00	Family allowance	
	11.00		
	<u>\$154.00</u>	Total	
Expenses		Carrying charge on house	
	\$46.25	Life insurance	
	10.12	Coal	
	10.00	Groceries	
	60.00	Vacuum cleaner	
	10.00	Pediatrician	
	3.00	Gas	
	3.00	Lights	
	2.00	Daily paper	
	1.50	Tobacco, street car, recreation	
	5.00		
	<u>\$150.87</u>	Total	
	154.00		
	<u>150.87</u>		
	3.13		
		Left over for a rainy day (unless Robbie needs shoes)	
		\$3.13	



by Charlene Champness

BECAUSE they're gay and in love! Because they're married and staying that way! Because they're raising a family and living well—on \$40 a week—Chatelaine salutes Bill and Marie Menzies.

"It can't be done." That is what everyone says. But these two young Canadians have proved it can. Moreover, they have told us *how* they do it. Anyone can economize meanly and grubbily, but it takes interesting people to have an attractive home and run it with smoothness and charm on very little. The Menzies justify our conviction. They are not only interesting—they're exciting!

There are four of them—and Jeppers. Bill, 33, an Air Force veteran and a lineman for the Bell Telephone Company in Hamilton, Ont., is tall, blue-eyed, definitely attractive. Marie, at 32, is small, dark and lovely. Their children are Robbie, seven last September, the image of his mother, and Laila, nine months old, the little daughter they have always wanted, who looks like Bill. Jeppers, a thoroughbred Irish terrier, completes the family and is very much a part of it.

Marie and Bill live in their own new house. The one they dreamed about so long. The one they have lived in a year, and for which they have passed up a lot of other things—not "sacrificed," because in their own minds they do not consider anything they have given up a sacrifice. They are more than repaid. This home is the expression of their personality and their way of life. It is informal, gracious and cheerful, and from its light



It's always a party when the Menzies (including Jeepers) have a picnic. They walk, wheeling the baby carriage, to near-by Hamilton Bay where dad and Robbie can fish. "So long as Bill asks me to go somewhere...even if it's just a walk...I'm happy," says Marie.



Pretty Marie finds time to make delicate shell pictures. She crochets, quilts, made all her own slipcovers, and fashions shirts for Bill and Robbie (initialed) out of government surplus cloth; Robbie's pyjamas from flour sacks.

colors to the ivy-hung wall of its living room. On the morning I called, it was pervaded with the most tantalizing smell in all the world—the fragrance of rolls hot from the oven.

"And coffee is perking," Marie said. I felt at home, relaxed, chatting as people do who have always known each other.

Chatelaine wanted to know how they spend, how they play, what their background is, how they happen to be where they are and what they have learned along the way. All these things and more Marie and Bill talked about over coffee and wonderful hot rolls.

Bill brings home \$143 a month, after taking off at-the-source taxes and insurance as well as the company bonds he is buying as an investment. Then there is the \$11 family allowance cheque from the government. This is their entire income and it adds up to \$154 a month.

Behind the cold figures, lies a story of devotion and integrity; the story of two fine young people who have found real happiness for themselves by putting the welfare of their family ahead of their own pleasure. For example, that \$3 item (the cost of a monthly visit to the pediatrician) would enable Marie and Bill to have an evening out. But they prefer the assurance that Laila is flourishing. By the same token, they managed to have an obstetrician attend Marie when Laila was born.

"What about clothing? There was no provision for it on the list. Marie admits that she has just bought her first dress in four and a half years (she sews beautifully), that her fur coat dates from 1939, and she has bought one summer coat and one rain gabardine since. In eight and a half years of marriage, Marie has bought only two hats. Others were given to her. She allows herself one good pair of shoes every two years and wears playshoes and summer sandals for the most part. The rest of her wardrobe consists of made-over clothes that were given to her. The Menzies and

Continued on next page



Those feathery buns are routine for the Menzies. Marie plans meals carefully for health, and has many clever meat-saving ideas.



They do week's shopping in one trip together, checking items carefully. The gay evening (left) at a dinner dance was first in years, as Chatelaine guests to finish off day's picture taking!



Bill chats with neighbor who lends him lawnmower. In this Veterans' housing development such equipment is shared; families help each other.

their friends have a happy "exchange" system. As soon as someone gives Marie a garment she gives another away, so that her closet is not filled with dresses of dubious value that she seldom wears. But whether new, old, or made-over, a dress will be both smart and becoming or Marie will never wear it. That, she will tell you, is an economy she cannot afford.

There are other economies that the Menzies cannot afford, such as merchandise of inferior quality. They have learned that the price tag does not always indicate a bargain, and that it pays to buy from reputable dealers only. For large investments they open a charge account and carefully budget the monthly payments. Bill points out that the vacuum cleaner is being purchased in this way, as was the washing machine, sewing machine, electric refrigerator and gramophone—all of known make, and from dealers of high standing in the community. That quality merchandise can be a real economy was proved in the case of the material for bedspread and curtains in the master bedroom. It is hand-blocked, waterproof and dustproof. Marie and Bill still shudder when they remember the time Laila's bottle spilled sticky formula all over the spread and they thought it was ruined. Instead, the liquid rolled harmlessly off and the spread was just as it had been before.

It is significant also that Marie and Bill bought the best quality blinds for the essential windows only, and left the others bare. "After all," Marie reasons, "blinds aren't necessary in the kitchen. And besides, if I can't have good things, I'd rather do without." That is typical of their point of view. It must be both good and essential or it has no place in the Menzies' scheme of things.

With this in mind Chatelaine was particularly interested to learn how Marie spends her grocery money—\$15 a week. What did she consider necessary from the standpoint of her family's health and well-being? First, Marie mentioned the 10 qts. of homogenized milk a week, in addition to the baby's evaporated milk formula. They buy on the average a dozen and a half eggs per week. There are always oranges and apples in the house and fresh vegetables are considered essential.

"I buy quantities of fruit and tomato juice," Marie said. She gets juice in the 105-oz. tins, and Bill often takes fruit juice, as well as fresh fruit and vegetables, packed in his lunch, when his job as a telephone lineman takes him away all day.

That Meat Problem

Two pounds of butter and another of shortening a week are an average purchase. Marie does her own baking—not many cakes and pies, because they are expensive, but cookies and some tarts. When Marie bakes bread it is in the nature of a treat for the family, rather than an economy.

The cost of meat was sure to rear its ugly head sooner or later in the discussion. This causes Marie the same concern that every other housewife feels on the subject. Meat, eggs and cheese (one baby roll a week) account for a third of the grocery budget. There is the



Charlene Champness, who spent many hours with the Menzies to write this story, has dinner with them as a happy wind-up to the day's activities.

week-end roast (often a rib roast) costing from \$1.50 to \$2. Marie has clever ways of stretching this out over the week—but not day after day until the family is tired of it. In between there are wieners (maybe served on a bed of hot shredded cabbage with fluffy mashed potatoes), liver, stewing beef, bacon or a meat loaf. Marie's meat loaf is inspired (I know—I used her recipe). She buys a pound of ground meat and lines the sides and bottom of a loaf tin, saving enough for a top layer. She fills the centre with poultry dressing, adds the top layer of meat, and bakes it for an hour. For special occasions a tin of mushroom or tomato soup is added as sauce.

One of Bill's favorite dishes is made from the leftover roast. Marie either slices the meat thin or puts it through a meat chopper. In either case, it serves as filling for sandwiches which are then dipped in beaten egg and milk mixture as for French toast, and fried in shortening. Bill admits that he thinks Marie is wonderful all over again whenever she makes this dish for him. Marie says it's wonderful all right because it's a real money-stretcher.

"What about Jeppers?" I asked. "Isn't a bouncing Irish terrier heavy on the meat rations?" This, it would seem, is the least of the Menzies' worries. Jeppers, the personality pup, rates bones for free from the butcher. He also eats kibbled biscuits, table scraps, pablum and formula when Laila declines it. He has been known to eat string beans from the garden and clothes from the line. In short, Jeppers eats everything with the same zest that he brings to all of living.

Asked about the price of soap and what she is doing about it, Marie had some worth-while pointers. Daily dipping of clothes is heavy on the flakes, so she allows herself three washings a week (because of the baby; otherwise it would be one a week), refrains from "just rinsing things out" in the meantime. She saves small pieces of soap for the washing machine. If the baby's bottles are washed between meals, the soapy water is kept for dishes later on. Marie is a firm believer in the great truth that it is the small extravagances which upset the budget. + *Continued on page 26*



Cream of Mushroom serves you well
In three delicious ways:
As Soup, as Sauce, in Cookery—
For tempting meals these days!



**HEAVENLY AS A
CREAM SAUCE:**
Add 6 tablespoons
of milk to 1 can of
Campbell's Cream
of Mushroom—
just as it comes
from the can.
Heat and serve.
Makes 1¾ cups.

... all add up to this **LUXURY** soup

And what a delightful soup it is—to give tempting variety to budget-restricted meals, as many and many a woman has discovered. Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup is such a glorious blend of choice, cultivated mushrooms and extra-heavy whipping cream. And there are delicate mushroom pieces, too, for the final touch. Here is truly a luxury soup—for economy meals.

Campbell's **CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP**

Campbell's are Canada's Favorite Soups





Chilly Morning "Warm-up"

Cheering cups of Fry's Cocoa

Cocoa is such a welcoming, warming drink on a cold morning.

And Fry's Cocoa has a richer chocolate flavor that everyone prefers. Serve it tomorrow morning, made with milk, for a really

nourishing drink. Just follow the simple recipe on the tin.

Try Fry's for cooking, too. Mm-m, ever tasted a better chocolate flavor? That's why Fry's is Canada's favorite cocoa by 3 to 1.*

* According to a National Survey



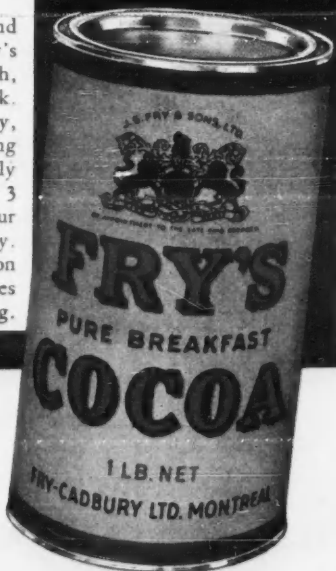
Meal-time Favorite

CHOCOLATE MERINGUE PIE

1/2 cup Fry's Cocoa	2 eggs, separated
1/2 cup sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
4 tablespoons cornstarch	4 tablespoons sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt	1 eight-inch baked pie shell
2 1/2 cups milk	

Here's a really deep-down chocolate pie—light and luscious, with all the richer chocolate flavor of Fry's Cocoa. Mix Fry's Cocoa, 1/2 cup of sugar, cornstarch, and salt in top of double boiler. Gradually add milk. Mix well. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until thickened. Cover and cook 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Gradually add hot mixture to slightly beaten egg yolks. Blend well. Return to heat. Cook 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Cool. Add vanilla. Pour into pie shell. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in the 4 tablespoons of sugar. Spread on top of pie. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) 15 to 20 minutes or until meringue is lightly browned. Cool before serving.

FRY'S the cocoa with
the richer chocolate flavor



Mr. Pompton's Baby

Continued from page 4

First there was the young couple, a fine-looking boy of 21 and a wonderfully pretty girl of 18. They were so much in love they seemed to be bathed in its aura, as in a soft light. Even Mr. Pompton could observe this light, and Coralie was already trying to grasp it in her two small fists.

"Oh, how darling!" said the girl. "How darling!"

The boy and girl looked at each other. Then the girl blushed and lowered her radiant eyes. Their common thought was clear to Mr. Pompton, who was not usually observant about these things. It had struck them that they might have a baby. Of course, Mr. Pompton reflected indulgently, they would not have a baby like Coralie, but they would see their little inferior baby with the eyes of parental affection and quite possibly be satisfied.

"You're her grandfather?" asked the young man.

"Well, not exactly," Mr. Pompton admitted.

But one might have gathered that he could have been her grandfather, except for a few trilling circumstances. He was feeling his responsibility keenly. With every half-dozen steps he would peer down to see if Coralie were all right. But of course she was. For Coralie, every second of life was her own little gay balloon.

NOW A woman was pausing before the carriage. She had red hair, very bright and pretty but not believable. She might have been attractive had her face not been drawn in the lines of discontent. At the moment, however, she was smiling at Coralie.

"Boopety-boo!" she cried. "Oh, boopety-boo! Oh, boopety-boopety-boo-boo!"

This was acutely embarrassing to Mr. Pompton, but not to Coralie, who laughed aloud and waved her fists.

"Wazzer woozum!" said the lady. "Wazzer woozum woo zum!"

This went on for some time, but eventually the lady turned her attention from the baby to Mr. Pompton, addressing him in the English language.

"I've always wanted a child," she confided, "and I was married three times, heaven knows! But there was my career to think of."

"You are on the stage, ma'am?"

If he had poured diamonds in her lap she could not have been more gratified.

"How did you ever guess?" she cried.

"Why, there's something so dashing about you—in a nice way," said Mr. Pompton.

The gallantry was none the worse for a touch of rust. The lady was enormously pleased. She settled down on the bench beside him and produced a batch of yellowed press clippings from her handbag.

"Alma Cooper's my professional name," she explained to him. "It's my maiden name taken back, but I've kept the Mrs."

It was not hard to find the references to Mrs. Cooper because, although they were brief, they were underlined heavily. "The cast included Philip Danvers, Marilyn Raymond, Alma Cooper and Frederic de Witt . . . Alma Cooper played the sister from the country . . .

Alma Cooper was refreshingly adequate as the maid in a play whose principals seemed to have lost interest in their performance, their audience and their profession."

"Isn't that fine," said Mr. Pompton. Mrs. Cooper sighed.

"The Theatre!" she murmured. "Ah, me!"

Then she jumped gaily to her feet, for all the world as if she were about to run off-stage dangling a large cartwheel hat.

"Good-by!" she cried. "Good-by, Baby! Good-by, Mr. Nice Man!"

"Pompton," he corrected shyly. "Good-by, ma'am."

He stood looking after her for a moment. She had taken him back to the galleries of his youth, and a line of lovely young women prancing along in black silk stockings. "Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!" hummed Mr. Pompton—whereupon Coralie chortled, and waved her arms in huge delight.

When they had sallied forth again, he found he had fallen in step with a gentleman of his own age.

"Quite a baby," this individual vouchsafed.

"I think so," murmured Mr. Pompton modestly.

"About 10 years ago," said the other, "I used to take my own grandson in the park."

The two old gentlemen strolled along, chatting companionably, pausing now and then to let someone admire the baby. For a time they were accompanied by a seven-year-old named Susy who bounced a red ball, sometimes tossing one thin little leg over the ball before she caught it.

It had all been very pleasant. Mr. Pompton was sorry when the time came to take Coralie home.

Young Mrs. Haynes was grateful to him.

"But I'm really at my wits' end," she reported. "From now on I'm not going to have any time off at all. Our baby sitter isn't going to sit any more. She's taking Spanish."

Mr. Pompton looked at Coralie's mother with his faded blue eyes alight with hope.

"I'd be glad to take the baby out," he said. "I'd enjoy it, ma'am."

THE NEXT DAY Coralie's popularity was even more marked than it had been the first day. She smiled at the world, and the world smiled back. She greeted several of her former acquaintances: the elderly gentleman whose name, it developed, was Angus Babcock, and the young couple, who offered Mr. Pompton some peanuts, and the actress, who seemed despondent.

Mr. Pompton sat on the bench beside Mrs. Cooper and eyed her in some concern.

"Is there anything wrong, ma'am?" he ventured.

"Well, I'm low," she admitted, fiercely dashing a tear from one eye, then a tear from the other eye. "But if I were a good trouser I wouldn't say so. You've got to keep your chin up."

"You've had trouble with your— with your last husband?"

"Oh, him," she said. "I don't even know where he is. Oh, no! It's the Theatre, Mr. Pompton."

"You don't like this play you're in?"

"I'm not in a play. I'm at liberty." She paused. "I've been at liberty five

years." She paused again, and continued on a tide of bitter honesty. "I don't even have the courage to go near the agencies, Mr. Pompton. An actress needs more courage than anybody would suppose who wasn't in the profession. And I haven't got much. I know I'm—well, I'm not young. And I haven't the looks I used to have. No smart character in an agency has to tell me that, Mr. Pompton. I know it."

Mr. Pompton was astounded. He spoke truthfully. To him, any woman under 60 was a flighty young thing who shouldn't be out alone at night.

"Why, you're a young woman, Mrs. Cooper," he cried. "A fine, handsome-looking young woman with plenty of personal magnetism—plenty of it."

Even as he spoke, he wondered if he were being too personal. Unacquainted with the temperament bred of the theatre, he was wholly unprepared for the reaction of Mrs. Cooper who had suddenly lost 10 years, and was sparkling all over like an April morning.

"You mean I should go out and get a job? You feel there's still some wee little place for me—in the Theatre?"

Mr. Pompton knew no more of the Theatre than he knew of the mountains of Tibet, but he nodded his head emphatically.

"Why not?" he demanded. "A handsome young woman like you."

She looked at him dazedly. "I'll have to go back to my hotel. I'll have to look over my wardrobe."

Mr. Pompton did not grasp the connection, but that did not matter.

"Why, to be sure. That's just what you must do, my dear."

And here Coralie, with her fine, instinctive sense of timing, crowed in very glee. They left Mrs. Cooper—or rather, Mrs. Cooper left them—and went on.

There were, that day, many new admirers for Coralie still to be encountered. These included a lady with a toy poodle. She was so enthusiastic about Coralie that Mr. Pompton managed to say a few gracious words about the poodle, although it was not a dog that overly appealed to him. Then he talked to a middle-aged couple, a Mr. and Mrs. March. They had been gathered to the fold when Mr. March, observing Coralie, had poked a finger at her and Coralie had promptly wrapped her tiny hand around the finger. Mr. Pompton had quite an interesting chat with Mr. March, who was in the grain business.

It was Mrs. March—busily shaking Coralie's rattle up and down—who asked him if he were Coralie's grandfather. This question, repeated, was perturbing to Mr. Pompton. He looked with anxious eyes at his beautiful charge in her handsome carriage, for the first time mindful of her soft wool hood and jacket, the satin bow under her chin, her embroidered silk coverlet, her pretty toys. He was no credit, he felt, to Coralie. If people were to think him a relative, he was a downright disgrace.

That night he bought a bottle of cleaning fluid and sponged the spots from his old suit which he pressed, afterward, with his landlady's iron. The next morning he purchased two white shirts of good quality and a blue tie with a modest design in garnet. As a final thought he unearthed his shoe-polishing kit and gave his shoes a good shine. From this time, too, he was

careful about having his sparse grey hair neatly trimmed and he began to take special pains with his morning shave.

DURING THIS whole beatific period there was but a single disagreeable occurrence. That was the time a dour-looking individual gazed down upon Coralie with his head on one side and his lips pursed.

"That there baby," he said, "is too fat, wouldn't you say?"

Mr. Pompton drew himself so erect his thin shoulderblades all but snapped. "She's the right weight to the ounce," he rejoined, his voice trembling with fury. "To the ounce!"

"Well, okay," said the man. "Just an expression of opinion, that's all."

Fortunately, he went his way. Mr. Pompton looked with some concern at the insulted Coralie, who had been sleeping. In that instant she awoke—yawned her lopsided, carefree yawn—then, suddenly, smiled at Mr. Pompton and stretched out her arms.

After a second or two Mr. Pompton gathered courage. He picked her up and wrapped her in her blankets. Then he sat on the park bench and held her, while her eyes roved wonderingly over his face, with all its separate features, as if it had been a map of Africa. Into Mr. Pompton's heart stole such a quiet ecstasy it seemed more than he could bear.

Before he put her back in her carriage he whispered in her ear, careful not to touch her because she was too fresh and sweet and delicate for him ever to touch.

"You're not too fat," he whispered. "Don't you believe it. Not a mite too fat."

Coralie's benign attention was diverted at this moment. The young man had appeared. He was without his girl, and he looked haggard and discolorate. Mr. Pompton eyed him in timid sympathy.

"Where's Deanna? That is," he added, "if I'm not being forward?"

Young Bert Ames sank to the bench and propped his head between his fists.

"Deanna and I," he said, "have had a terrible fight."

"A lover's quarrel," Mr. Pompton suggested, more gently.

"No," Bert said. "It was a fight. It wasn't anything that can be patched up. We're through."

Mr. Pompton went back over 50 years, and searched among his memories.

"Another young man?" he enquired.

"Oh, no, it was her father, for Pete's sake! She said I made a crack about him."

"Did you?"

"Sure, but she made one first." The boy looked desperately at Mr. Pompton. "I'll tell you how it was and you can see for yourself."

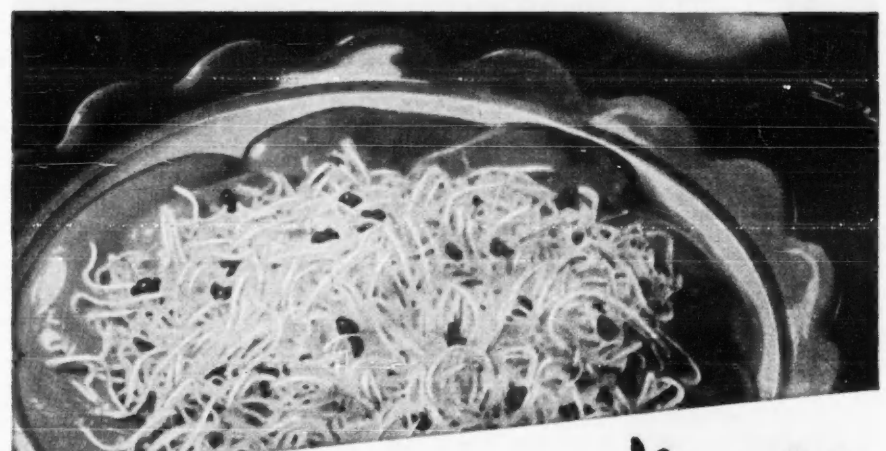
Mr. Pompton rescued Coralie's rattle which she had tossed out of the carriage.

"Do go on," he said.

"Well, Deanna's father is quite a character in his own way—a printer by trade, and a good one. Makes a good living for the family and doesn't drink."

"Now that's fine," said Mr. Pompton.

"Yes, but he's got a temper that would blast you from here to breakfast. You never saw such a temper. So sooner or later there's a blow-up with the boss or the foreman or whoever it might be—and Deanna's old man is out of a job again. But he's a good-looking guy—



happy endings for Any Meal

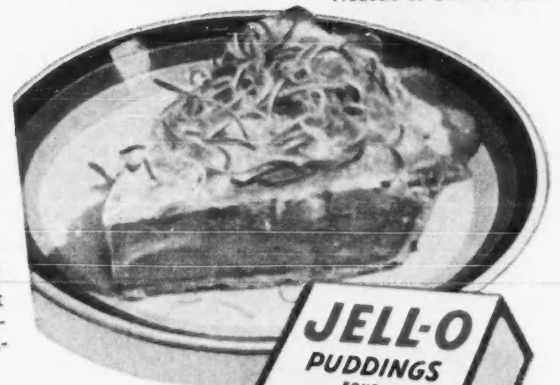
LOOKS BEAUTIFUL TASTES WONDERFUL

(Above) The creamy-smooth, delicate goodness of Jell-O Caramel Pudding set off by feathery tendrils of shredded coconut, and maraschino cherries! Prepare Jell-O Caramel Pudding by package directions, and chill in a pretty dessert bowl. At serving time, top with shredded coconut and chopped maraschino cherries. Equally good with Jell-O Chocolate Pudding.

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE, the children — and *you* — will vote the simplest meal a grand success, if you top it off with a delicious Jell-O Pudding. And Jell-O Puddings are easy-to-fix, and economical, beyond your imagining! A Jell-O Pudding to suit every taste. Delicate Jell-O Vanilla Pudding . . . buttery-brown Caramel and Butterscotch . . . luxurious, dark-brown Chocolate . . . and new, delightful Vanilla Tapioca and Chocolate Tapioca. Serve them plain, serve them with cream — or vary them as suggested here, or on the packages.

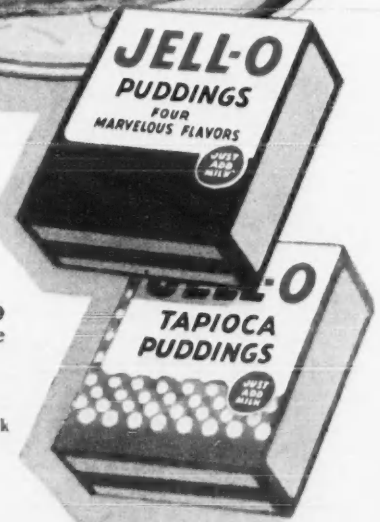
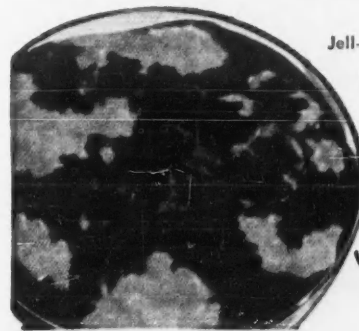
A REAL DESSERT TRIUMPH

(Right) Coconut . . . butterscotch . . . crisply-browned pie crust — what a flavor combination! What a matchless filling, when you make it with Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding! Prepare the Pudding as directed on the package, reducing milk to 1 3/4 cups. Cool, turn into baked 8-inch pie shell; chill. At serving time, top with whipped cream and toasted shredded coconut.



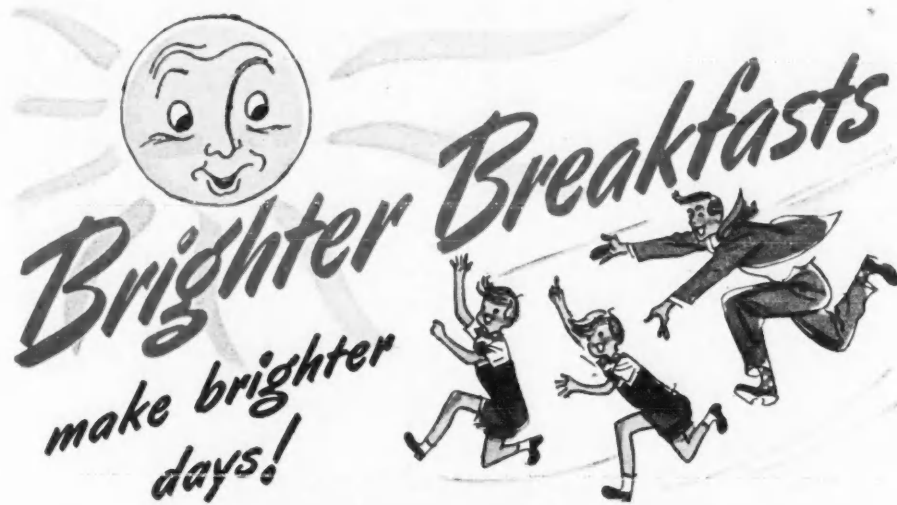
"BETTER'N A SUNDAE"

(Below) That's what the young fry will say about *this* dessert! And you know that delicious Jell-O Tapioca Puddings are *nourishing* as can be. For this favorite, just make up a package of that new, wonderful, Jell-O Vanilla Tapioca Pudding. Top at serving time with chocolate sauce

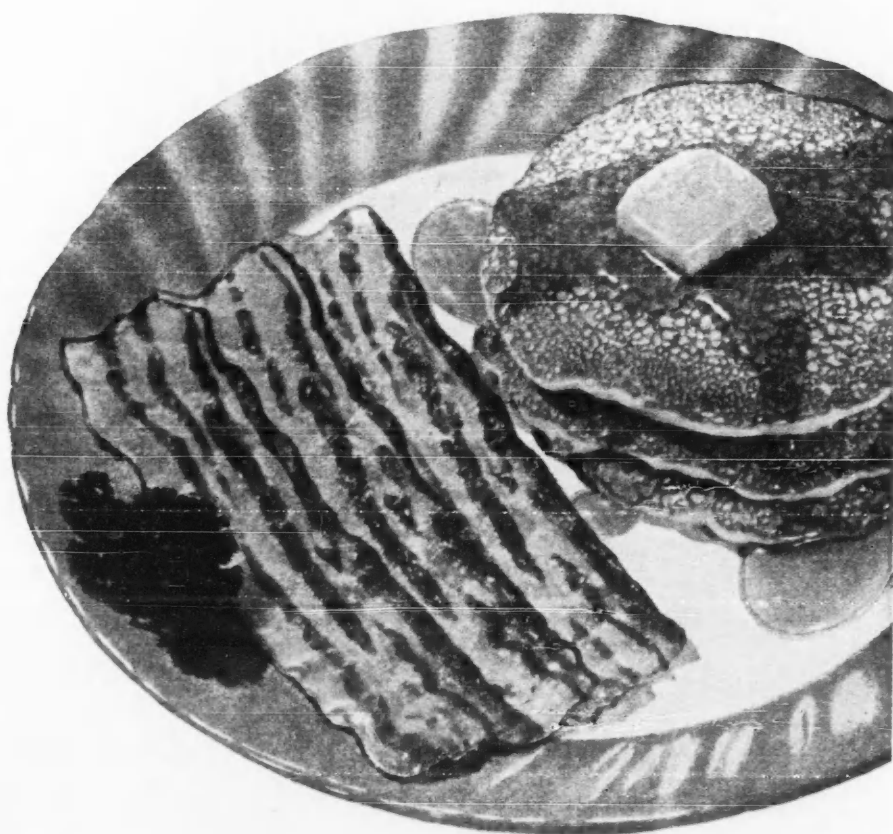


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Jell-O Puddings
"Like Grandma's—only more so!"



THE WHOLE FAMILY'S READY to pitch into each new day with a bang after a breakfast with Swift's Premium Bacon. Its rich nourishment helps make the day's tasks easy; its *sweet smoke taste* whets morning appetites. Yes, you're using bacon wisely when you bring it on for breakfast!



FAILURE-PROOF COOKING means more than ever now, so try this sure and easy way to cook Swift's Premium Bacon: Place on rack in shallow pan; bake in 400° F. oven, without turning, for about 10 min. So dependable in quality is Swift's Premium Bacon, so marvelously mild yet zesty, that Canada actually prefers it to all other leading brands combined!



Swift's Premium Bacon
with the sweet smoke taste

with what they call charm—so he always gets another job. That part of it's all right. But the other day he was bounced out of some shop just for a change and Deanna told me about it. She said, 'Dad's got a terrible temper.' The boy looked earnestly at Mr. Pompton. "Remember that. Those were her exact words."

"Yes," said Mr. Pompton.

"Well, I agreed, as anybody would, and then I said, 'If your old man keeps that chip on his shoulder, he's never going to hold a job for more'n 10 minutes as long as he lives. Your old man ought to get wise to himself.' That was all I said, so help me, and it was just agreeing with what she'd said herself."

"Yes . . . Well, they don't always like you to agree with them."

"What?"

"Nothing . . . Do go on."

"That's all. Deanna got very sore and told me I'd poured contempt on her whole family and she never wanted to see me again. She gave me this back."

BERT PRODUCED a small ring with a diamond so small as to be almost invisible. Both the young man and the old man looked at it unhappily.

"Haven't you tried to explain?"

"Sure. I wrote her a long letter and explained to her how unreasonable her attitude had been—but I'd overlook it, I said, and never allude to it again because I was crazy about her. That was fair enough, wasn't it?"

Mr. Pompton shook his head.

"Women," he said, "are pretty often unreasonable, but it doesn't do much good to say so. My own dear wife—I lost her many years ago—she was a good woman, a fine woman, but she wasn't reasonable as a man understands it. I got over expecting it."

Bert frowned and made a slight motion with his hand. The implication was plain. He could see little connection between his Deanna and Mr. Pompton's late dear wife. Times were different. People were different. Love was different.

"I never got any answer from Deanna at all," Bert said, glumly. "You'd think I didn't even exist."

Mr. Pompton wagged his head.

"Isn't that a pity," he said. "And you were planning to be married soon?"

The young man started to speak, and waited a second or two before he went on, his voice having been none too steady.

"Yes," he said, "when we could manage it. I have a night job at the Paragon Garage—but as soon as I got a raise and got put on the day shift—oh, well! What's the use of talking about it?"

"Why don't you tell Deanna you're sorry?"

Bert set his jaw. He looked stubborn and he looked very young.

"Because," he said, "I'm not sorry I said what was just the truth and what she said in the first place. It would go against my principles and my self-respect."

Mr. Pompton said nothing more, but half an hour later he saw Deanna. She was alone, and he commented on that fact.

"Were you planning to meet Bert?" he enquired, with a wonderful air of innocence. "Because if you were, you've just missed him."

"Oh, no! I was hoping I wouldn't run

into him. I wouldn't have come to the park at all except it's a free public park and I don't think one person has any right to keep another person out of it!"

Mr. Pompton joggled Coralie in her carriage. Coralie did not demand being joggled, but she liked it.

"You know," he said, fixedly eyeing a carriage wheel, "I had quite a little chat with Bert just a while back. He was telling me how sorry he was about this whole thing—how he'd been in the wrong all along."

The stars that sprang to Deanna's eyes were dazzling to behold.

"He was? He did? Oh, tell me. What happened? What did he say? What did you say?"

"I don't just recollect the whole conversation."

"Why doesn't he tell me he's sorry?"

"Oh, I suppose he was just too ashamed. He thinks you hate him."

"Hate him? Oh, Mr. Pompton! How could he think so? How could he ever think such a thing? After all, it was all my fault in the first place."

Mr. Pompton spoke carefully.

"Why," he said, "don't you just call him up at the Paragon Garage and tell him so?"

Deanna gave him a smile so radiant it almost took his breath away.

"Why, I will. I certainly will. And you won't ever let him know you talked to me, will you, Mr. Pompton?"

"Oh, no," Mr. Pompton said. "No indeed."

Deanna was hurrying out of the park as if wings were bearing her. Mr. Pompton gave Coralie a small wise wink, whereupon Coralie kicked off all her blankets in a very transport of delight. It was time, then, to go home. As a matter of fact, he realized vaguely, he wasn't feeling any too well.

THE NEXT morning Mr. Pompton had the grippe. Mrs. Jorkins, the landlady, called a doctor who peered at Mr. Pompton and tapped him here and there.

"Nothing to be alarmed about," he said, as he wrote a prescription. "Just keep to your bed a few days and let Mrs. Jorkins bring you your meals on a tray."

Mr. Pompton fretted, but only about Coralie, entrusted to some strange baby-sitter, probably some fool of a high-school girl. He resigned himself, however, to sending a message to the Haynes by way of Mrs. Jorkins. There was nothing else to do.

He was up and dressed before the week was gone, although he was still a bit shaky. His eagerness gave him the necessary strength. It was with an effort that he refrained from arriving at the Haynes' before the usual hour.

A strange young woman greeted him at the door.

"Oh, my goodness!" she said. "Didn't you know? They've moved out of town."

Mr. Pompton stared at her. In his misery and bewilderment he said something quite stupid.

"And the baby? The baby's gone with them?"

The young woman looked at him with kind brown eyes.

"You must be Mr. Pompton."

"Yes."

"Well, they told me to tell you they were leaving—with the baby, of course. Mr. Haynes' company had him transferred just all of a sudden."

Mr. Pompton could not remember afterward if he had thanked the young woman or even if he had said good-by. He went back to his room and sat on the edge of the bed and, for the first time since he was 17 years old, Mr. Pompton cried.

He stayed in his room until the doctor arrived and ordered him out in the sun. Mr. Pompton ventured as far as the front step. The people on the sidewalk were strangers who rushed past without even glancing at him. After a while they blurred before Mr. Pompton's eyes and were just shifting, hurrying streaks of beige and brown and blue. An hour went by, and it might have been a year and it might have been a minute. Mr. Pompton's old head nodded; he dozed a little. Then he became aware of Mrs. Jorkins, standing over him reproachfully.

"I don't like to say this, Mr. Pompton, but that is a habit I'd hoped you was cured of."

Mr. Pompton eyed her listlessly.

"Habit," Mrs. Jorkins?"

"Sittin' on the porch step. It don't look right for a rooming house in the class this one is. It takes away the tone. No offense meant, Mr. Pompton, but why don't you go and sit in the park?"

That was the last thing Mr. Pompton intended to do but, almost against his own volition, he found himself walking the usual three blocks to the familiar green lawns and shaded walks.

It was just as he had thought it would be. Everyone missed Coralie, and asked him about her, and every question was like an added stab in Mr. Pompton's heart. He would not come to the park again, he thought.

He tried to be polite to them all, although they seemed little more than shadows moving through a dull grey mist. He tossed Susy's ball for her a couple of times and he murmured the conventional and proper words when Bert and Deanna appeared, shyly proclaiming their happiness.

"We didn't know what had happened to you," cried Deanna. "We came here every day and looked and looked for you."

"We've been trying to get hold of you," said Bert, "because we want you to come to the wedding."

Mr. Pompton managed a feeble smile.

"Why, thank you very much," he said.

But he felt cold, and lonely. He escaped them, only to run into Mrs. Cooper who was sitting on a bench, holding in her hand what seemed to be a half sheet of paper, typewritten, and bound in blue.

"It's my part," she explained. "I'm studying it."

"Part?"

She looked past him, apparently straight into paradise.

"I have a part in a play," she said, with a simplicity befitting such a statement. "I walked into that agency and they looked at me and said, 'You're just the type for Winifred in the revival of Golden Gate.' " Mrs. Cooper's voice took on, suddenly, an organlike timbre. "A wonderful play, Mr. Pompton! A wonderful, wonderful play!"

Mr. Pompton roused himself.

"I'm glad to hear it, ma'am."

She smiled at him.

"You must come, Mr. Pompton, to my opening night."

She was extremely gracious. He might have been some threadbare but dear old ballet master of her youth, to whom she would always be kind.

Mr. Pompton left her, and walked on alone. He turned his eyes carefully away from the sight of a young Swedish nursemaid, wheeling a baby carriage. But now Angus Babcock had fallen into step with him.

"Let's take a seat," Mr. Babcock suggested, rather petulantly. "I've got a touch of my rheumatism."

After a moment he asked about the baby.

"Gone," said Mr. Pompton.

It was possible to change the subject, because Mrs. Thomas had paused by the bench with her dog.

"Midget," she said. "Shake hands with Mr. Pompton."

Politely, Mr. Pompton grasped the poodle's paw.

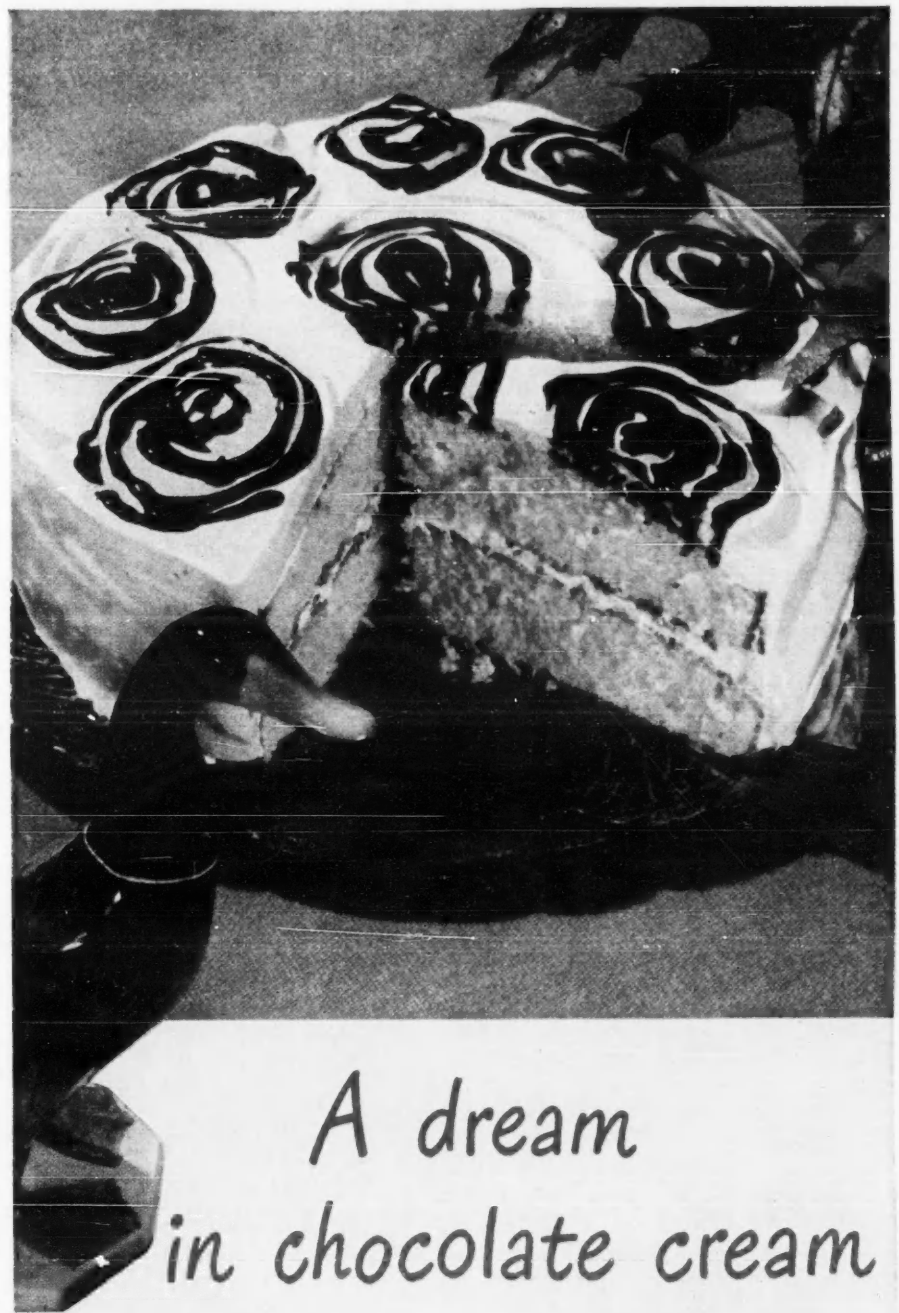
"She just didn't know what had become of you," said Mrs. Thomas. "She's missed you."

The poodle put her head on one side and looked at him gravely. Mr. Pompton smiled, the smile lingering as Mrs. Thomas and Midget went on and he turned his attention to Mr. Babcock.

"Well," Mr. Babcock said, "what do you think of the election? What's your candid opinion?"

The two old men began to discuss politics, the late summer sun warming their old bones. The vista before them was an agreeable one. Slowly, very slowly, a light was coming to Mr. Pompton, a light shining through the miserable grey mist. It was true that Coralie had gone, but she had left him all her trust and joy and friendliness. Why, all these people cared about him! They liked to talk to him! They missed him when he wasn't there! Mr. Pompton's smile grew broader and broader. He looked up to wave back at Mr. and Mrs. March, who were waving to him from the distance.

It was almost as if the park were the garden of his own home. It was pleasant for a man to see his friends, strolling in the garden.



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2 c. sifted all-purpose flour	½ c. shortening	¼ c. orange juice
3 tsp. Magic Baking Powder	1 c. sugar	
1 tsp. salt	3 egg yolks	¾ c. milk
	1 tbs. grated orange rind	Melted sweetened chocolate

Sift dry ingredients together. Cream together shortening and sugar. Beat in egg yolks, one at a time. Add orange rind. Add orange juice and milk alternately with flour to creamed mixture. Bake in 2 greased 9" layer pans, in 375°F. oven 25-30 min. Cool 5 min. Remove layers from pans; cool on wire rack. Spread frosting between and on top and sides of cake. Pour slightly sweetened melted chocolate over the top.

Fluffy Frosting: Add ¼ tsp. salt to 3 egg whites (saved from cake) and ¾ cup sugar. Cook over boiling water, beating constantly with egg beater, 7 min., or until icing stands in peaks.



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More Than You Think

Continued from page 10

in the school gym—for the whole school." Noreen was forcefully squeezing an orange. "I—guess I'll have to get a long dress—if you want me to go."

She was reluctant, no doubt of it—and Kath felt compelled to seem hearty. "Of course I'll let you go, dear. Are the boys," she asked carefully, "going to act as escorts?"

"Some of 'em. But not for Eunice and me—and a few others. We thought it would be fun to go by ourselves. Say, mother, could I scare up some food now? It's so long till dinner—and I'm weak, honestly."

"But, Noreen, with that dance coming, why don't you try to—"

"The dance is two weeks off—and who cares about that anyway." She was very disdainful. "Please, mother, could I at least have some crackers?"

"All right, if you must," Kath sighed, spooning the orange juice over the lamb's surface. "But not too many."

WHEN SHE turned around, Noreen had plunged into the refrigerator. "I took a slice of that leftover liver sausage. It's delish! I can't eat dry crackers so I'd better have a few spoonfuls of marmalade—Oh, sliced cucumbers! May I sample some—" Her mouth and hands full, she started toward the doorway. "I'll take these up to my room and glance at my homework. I should wash all this down with—"

"Absolutely not! You'll have milk with your dinner."

Noreen walked out, meeting Ned in the hall. "Hi, Nory," he greeted her. Noreen's reply was unintelligible. Ned came in, kissed Kath and pressed his cheek against hers; it felt hard and cold from the brisk outdoors. "Was our child eating again, by chance?" he grinned.

Kath nodded. "And such a combination—marmalade, cucumbers, liver sausage—and she wanted milk. I can't understand why we've never had to use a stomach pump. And Ned, what are we going to do about Noreen's weight? Now there's a dance coming up and—"

"Why worry so?" Ned asked. "The kid's healthy and happy. Let it go at that, for the time being."

"But, dear, she's growing up, and there's so much competition—"

"There are years ahead before you have to start thinking of competition. She won't be an old maid, sweet. Couldn't happen to the daughter of such a darned attractive mother."

Ned's reassurance soothed her, made her feel almost carefree again. She didn't even mind too much that evening when Noreen presented her emptied dinner plate with her usual businesslike request, "Another helping, please."

But on Monday, Kath's anxiety returned. She was buzzing the vacuum cleaner around the living room carpet when the doorbell rang. It was Brick, smiling in a very friendly manner. "Hope I'm not disturbing you. My name is Webster." He looked even nicer at close range—his red hair disheveled, his blue eyes crinkled in a smile, clouds of freckles covering his nose and forehead. "If I might borrow your rake, I'd like to burn some of those tree branches I've trimmed."

She pulled on a sweater and walked with him into the crisp March air.

"Don't think we'll make a habit of borrowing," he went on as Kath got the rake out of the garage. "Just haven't had time to get some garden tools. Thanks a lot. I'll return it in half an hour."

"No hurry. We won't need it today. Your name is—Brick, isn't it?"

"Nickname. How'd you know?"

"My child happened to hear it this morning."

"Oh, is that your daughter, that little fat—" He stopped, his face reddening almost to match his hair, realizing she knew he'd been about to say, "fat girl." "I—uh—noticed her in the yard. She's—uh—a cute kid," he stumbled on.

"Yes," Kath said gently. "Of course she's plump, but when she takes off some weight, she'll really be cute." She smiled very brightly.

"Oh, I think she is now." He was grinning again. "A little extra weight is okay when a girl is that age."

Yes, it's okay at that age. But if she doesn't take it off now, she'll still have it when she gets older—and she'll always be humiliated. People will call her "Fatty." I won't have it! Then and there, Kath decided to do something about it.

That evening she told Ned her plan. He promised to back her up.

Noreen didn't come home from her club meeting until dinnertime. Kath heard her call out from the front hall. "Hi, family! Dinner ready? I'm starving!" But she went ahead grimly, preparing her daughter's dinner plate. One slice of cold lamb, two lettuce leaves, several slices of tomato, raw carrot—and two rye crackers.

When she came to the table, Noreen's eyes sparkled. "Brick's out there burning tree trimmings," she announced. "He looks so cute—wearing one of those leather flyer's jackets. Golly," she said dreamily, "I love the smell of a wood fire. Reminds me of charcoal-broiled steaks and baked potatoes—"

Ned sat with averted eyes. Kath became very busy serving him.

Noreen sat down, unfolded her napkin. Then she noticed the plate set before her, and her round eyes stretched in their sockets. "What's—this?"

"Your dinner, dear," Kath said evenly.

"These—dog biscuits—and stuff?"

Kath explained with outward calm. "We've decided it's time you took off a few pounds."

"Oh, no!" Noreen stared at her pitifully. "Not tonight. I wouldn't mind starting another time—say, next week maybe. But I hardly ate a thing today—only two stingy sandwiches for lunch—with a little piece of cake."

"How about," Kath enquired cynically, "your refreshments after school?"

"Just a double malt—and nothing at the club meeting. Unless you want to count a measly candy bar, and a tiny cup of hot chocolate."

Ned spoke up, shouldering his share of the responsibility with obvious discomfort. "Nory, we're doing this for your good. Some day you'll be mighty glad—you decided to—to—" His voice trailed off as Noreen leaned back in her chair haughtily.

"You seem to forget that I'm a growing child—and I need nourishment. I'll lose my sweet disposition. And what's more, I'll—I'll get rundown, and be an easy prey to every horrible disease that comes along—"

"Nonsense! Dr. Hall says there's absolutely no danger in this diet. Darling, we're not going to starve you. You'll just cut out starches, and between-meal eating. You can have all the fruit and milk you want—"

"Fruit!" Noreen said with terrible scorn.

"And if you'll stick to the diet and lose a few pounds, I'll tell you what! On your birthday, you may eat all you want—and we'll have a wonderful big dinner—"

"Oh, fine," Noreen said dully. "My birthday is only a month off."

It did seem cruel, Kath thought. Fate was so tricky. Here she was—an exceptionally fortunate woman. Ned was a wonderful husband. Noreen a good child. Why did avoirdupois have to come into their lives?

BY THE end of the week, Kath, watching her daughter closely, could detect no physical shrinkage. But there was something in the girl's expression and manner that worried Kath. Noreen seemed subdued. She must think I'm punishing her deliberately—and she doesn't deserve it!

So when Noreen came home, Kath corralled her in the kitchen and suggested she have a glass of milk. "There's a—small piece of cake left, too," she added carelessly.

"No, thank you. I—don't want it." Noreen stood near the doorway, gazing toward the hall.

"Noreen, what's the matter? Are you angry at me?"

The soft brown eyes swung around to meet Kath's. "I guess I might as well tell you, Mother. Murder will out anyway. I feel terrible because—because I've been cheating on my diet right along—ever since Thursday. I had an ice-cream cone after school. On Friday I had two pieces of fudge—with nuts." She counted it out carefully. "I was pretty good Saturday and Sunday—but Monday, I ate one of Eunice's peanut butter sandwiches—and today, a hamburger with onions—and a soda." She seemed agitated. "I know you'll never forgive me, but I got so hungry I just couldn't bear it—"

Kath felt only relief. "Of course I forgive you. I can understand how—"

"Mother." Noreen came closer, her face shining with adoration. "You're so superswell! And I thought you'd be furious. Honestly, I won't cheat any more. I'll just starve myself—even if my tongue is hanging out—"

In the next days Kath was sure Noreen was sticking to her diet. It was evident she wasn't too happy about it. When Kath brought in the nightly dessert, Noreen sometimes stopped talking in the middle of a sentence and stared down at her plate. And there was some headway to show for her faithfulness. Kath weighed Noreen Thursday morning, but she couldn't enthuse. First, because Noreen seemed so unimpressed. "Only one pound? After all that. Golly, I thought I'd lost at least 10!" Second, because Kath knew now it had been foolish to put off shopping for a dance frock until the last minute in the hope that the girl might require a smaller size.

That afternoon they went downtown to shop. Finally they decided on a straight pale blue dress with cap sleeves that did a good job of minimizing Noreen's plump shoulders.

In the evening Kath said to Ned, "I'm awfully upset, dear. The party is tomorrow night—and I just know the child's heart is going to be broken—"

"I think you're exaggerating this," Ned said. "A 14-year-old girl has plenty of time for parties."

"You don't understand. A girl can get a serious complex from such a situation," Kath told him earnestly. "I've read about these things in magazine stories. The girl goes to her first dance, petrified for fear she won't be popular. Of course her partner gets stuck with her—and you have no idea what mental misery she suffers before it turns out all right."

"Oh, she'll snap out of it eventually and everything will turn out fine—just the way it does in the stories. After all, those stories are based on life."

When Noreen was dressed for the dance Friday night, Kath inspected her, choking down the ache in her throat. "You look lovely, dear." She tried to smile encouragingly.

Noreen stared glumly at her large reflection in the mirror. "Yeah—I guess so."

She did look lovely in a buxom, stolid sort of way. Her face was pink and placid, surrounded by wavy dark hair tied with a band exactly matching her dress. Any boy, Kath's heart cried out, should be proud to dance with such a sweet, wonderful girl—a girl with so much goodness and kindness in her. But she knew that the rules of popularity weren't based on goodness and kindness. Nobody loved a fat girl.

As the horn of the Goodwins' car blasted outside, Ned offered Noreen his arm and escorted her out, smiling with that fatuous, blind pride fathers usually display with their female offspring. Kath's voice quavered as she called, "Have fun, darling."

Eunice's family dropped Noreen off at home around 11. The girl came slowly into the living room. She slipped off her fuzzy white coat. The blue band on her hair had shifted a bit so that she looked slightly rakish. That gave Kath a wild happy hope. "How was it, dear?"

"I had a putrid time," Noreen announced complacently. "Nobody danced with me."

She was smiling, with no trace of suppressed agony. But Kath knew she was putting on an act. Beneath that unruffled expression there must be a desperate feeling of inadequacy. "It doesn't matter, Noreen—your first party. Next time—"

"And the food," Noreen went on, now looking a little pained, "was gruesome. Fancy, icky sandwiches—and so small! I couldn't very well go back for more than three or four—and they ran out of punch and had to serve tea. What a party!" She glanced uncertainly at her parents, then her dark eyes wandered via the window and the side wall to the carpet at her feet. "I—guess I'd better go to bed now. I'm—kind of tired." She gave them a brief smile, then turned and went to the stairway.

Kath and Ned avoided each other's eyes. Then he said, "She—acted a little funny, didn't she?"

Kath nodded.

IT WAS hours later and Ned was fast asleep when Kath heard a faint whimpering, like the cry of a kitten. It was a barely audible sound—but her maternal antenna picked it up. Noreen!

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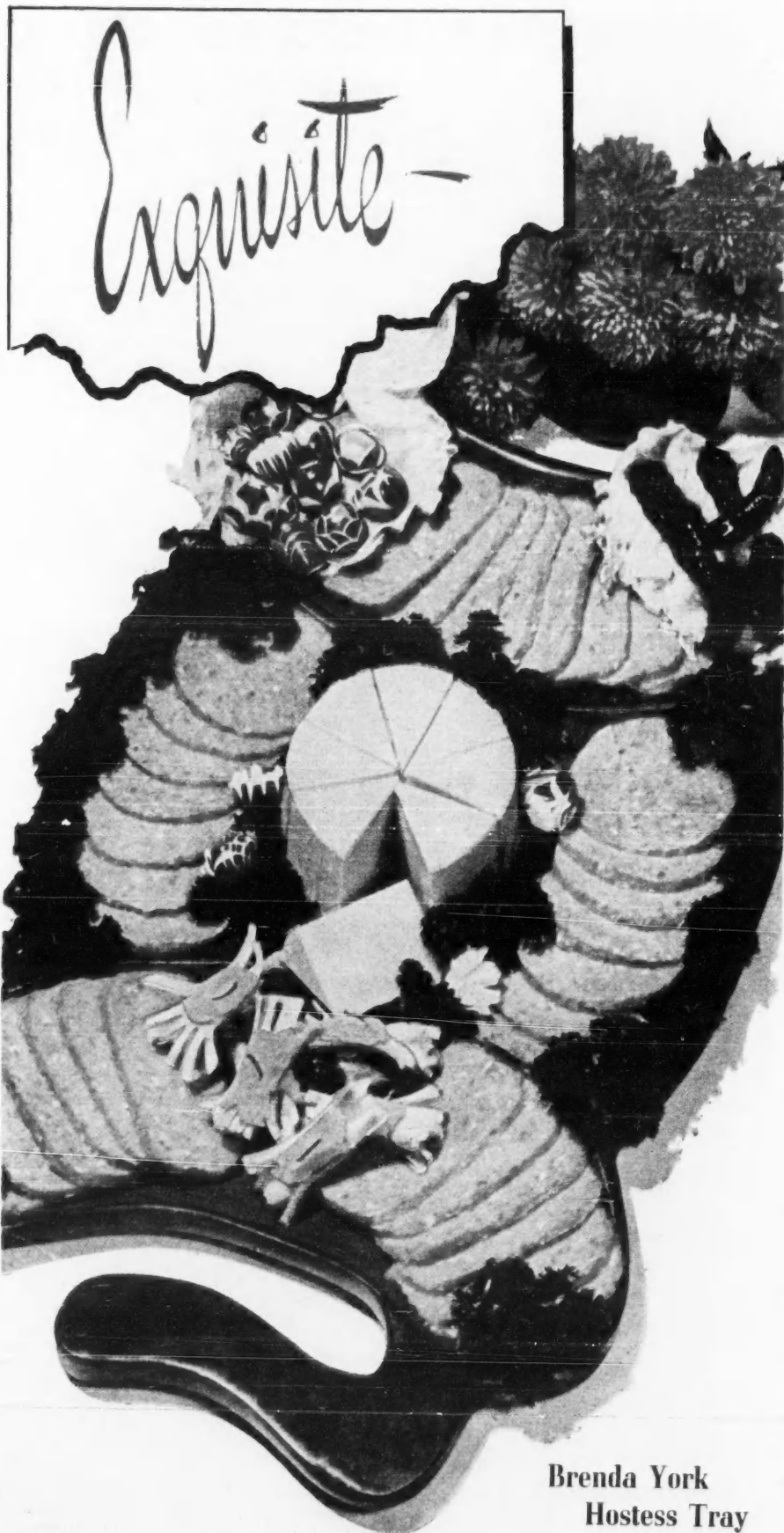
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Kath got out of bed cautiously and slipped her feet into mules. As she approached Noreen's door, the sound grew louder—baby crying, short sobs followed by sibilant intakes of breath. Kath's heart pounded fearfully and her hand, turning the knob, trembled.

The room was shadowy, pale light flickering through the half-open Venetian blinds. The girl was hunched up under the covers, her face deep in the pillow, her shoulders heaving. Kath said, "Darling—darling, don't!"

"Oh—moth—er!" Her head swiveled around to one side.

"Please don't mind so much, dear." Kath gently touched the exposed cheek; it was hot and wet. "You're going to have wonderful times when you grow up, you'll see. You'll look back on this some day and laugh. You'll say, 'Remember that first silly dance—?'"

Noreen's sobbing had subsided somewhat. "Dance? Who cares—about—the dance—"

"Then—what is it?"

The girl wailed, "I'm—hun—gry. I haven't had — a square meal — in days—"

Kath pulled away abruptly. "Oh, all right, if you're so unhappy, go downstairs and eat."

"Oh, mother—can I really?"

"Yes, yes. Go ahead and take anything you want."

The tears stopped. With a glad cry Noreen snatched her bathrobe and bolted from the room.

Kath returned to her bed quietly so as not to disturb Ned. She listened to his rhythmic sleep—breathing, and watched the curtains swelling from the open window. Why, she wondered, did this have to happen to her? Other women had normal daughters with normal emotional responses. Why must her child get emotional only about her calories?

The next day—Saturday—Noreen, well fortified with victuals, went off to a movie matinee, leaving Kath with a heavy depression. She realized she'd fought a losing battle from the start. If Noreen herself had no desire to be slim and alluring, Kath must be resigned to having her a stout girl—then a stout woman. We'll probably have to give a dowry, she thought, to get her married off. Listlessly she started dinner, returning to her former habit of preparing extra quantities of potatoes and dessert for Noreen. The child might as well enjoy life now. The future certainly looked bleak.

Ned came home from the office early and sat in the living room smoking while Kath set the table. Suddenly he called, "Come here a minute, sweet." He was standing by the window, looking out into the fading afternoon. "Isn't that our daughter approaching?"

Kath looked. Yes, that was the square bulk of Noreen but—it wasn't Eunice with her. Not unless Eunice had changed into a husky figure clad in a

grey uniform and visored cap. Ned answered the doorbell's ring.

"Hi, family!" Noreen was glowing. She slipped off her coat, exposing the full expanse of her grey and red plaid dress. But the boy with her seemed undismayed as he whipped off his cap and stood erect before them. "This is Stanley Webster—he's Brick's younger brother." The explanation was unnecessary. The young man's freckled face was topped with a slicked-back crop of amazingly bright red hair. "He's been at military school, but he'll be coming home week ends now that his folks are settled next door."

Ned shook hands with Stanley gravely. "How do you do?"

"Hello, sir. I know I should have asked your permission before going to the show with Noreen—but she was afraid we'd miss the cartoon. I didn't want to start off wrong"—Stanley's grin was an exact replica of Brick's—"because when summer vacation starts, I'll be around quite a bit—"

"We'll be glad to see you"—Ned rose nobly to the occasion—"anytime you drop in."

"Thank you, sir. Well, good-by now. See you tomorrow, Noreen."

After the door closed, Kath stood stunned. Why, the boy seemed to like Noreen; he didn't mind that she was plump!

Ned said jovially, "Come on, girls. Let's have dinner."

As they went to the table, Noreen explained, "Eunice and I had just started out when Brick came out and asked if Stanley could go with us. Stanley and I got along so well—Eunice got bored and went home with some other kids. Isn't he cute?"

"He seems a nice young man," Ned approved.

"Oh, he is! So polite and everything." Noreen bubbled over. "And doesn't he look just like Brick? During vacation, could I go to a show with him—maybe some evening? I'll be over 15 then."

"I think," Kath promised, feeling something heavy slip from her chest, "it will be all right."

"Thanks a million, mother." Noreen unfolded her napkin. Then her happy smile faded, her eyes on the plate Kath was heaping generously. "Oh, mother—not so much, please! No potatoes—and just one slice of meat. I've—been sort of thinking I'd better stay on my diet. So I'll go out to the kitchen and get some raw carrots and a few of those rye things—" She skipped out.

Impulsively, Kath jumped up from her chair. "Ned, you wise old dog!" She went to throw her arms around him. "It does turn out all right—the way you said it would—just like in the magazine stories." Ned smiled.

Noreen, near the doorway, stood watching them a moment. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "Just look at them," she said with tolerant amusement. "My slap-happy parents!"

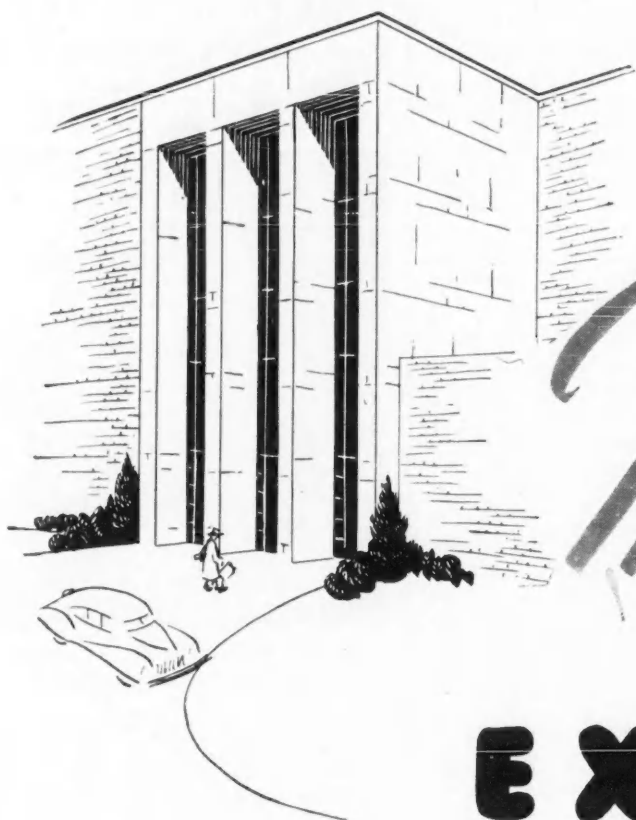
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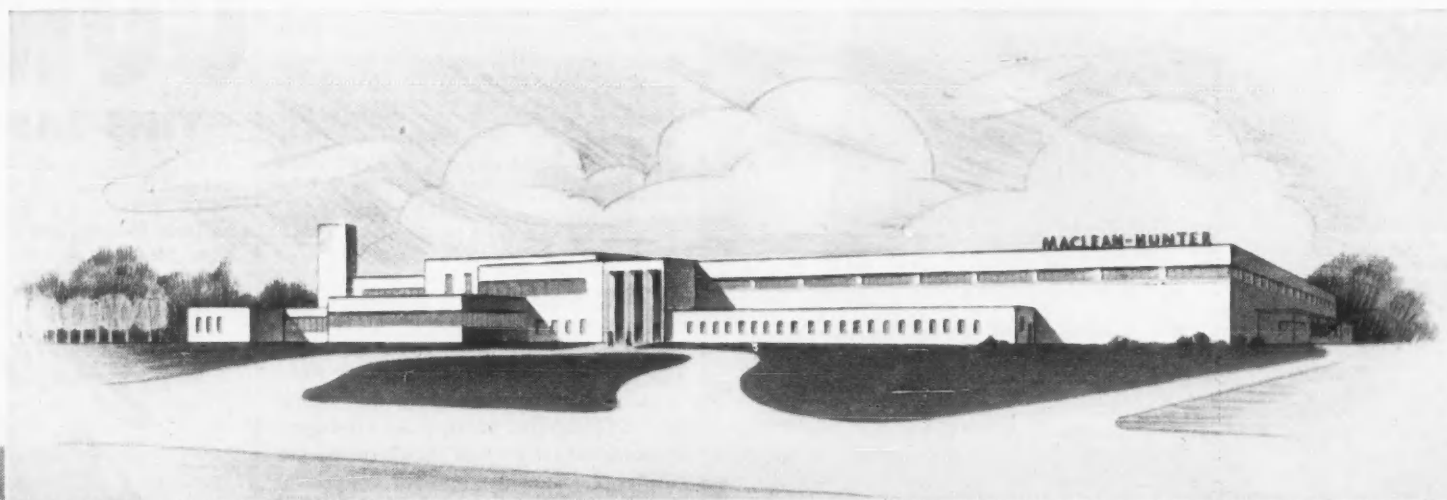
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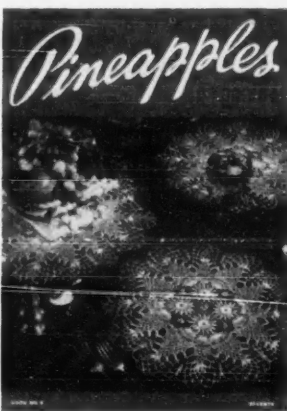
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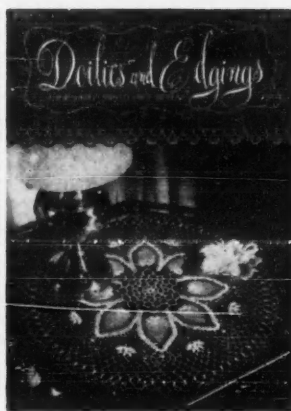
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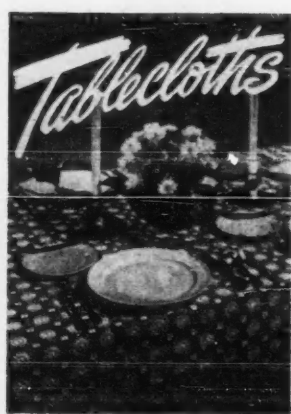
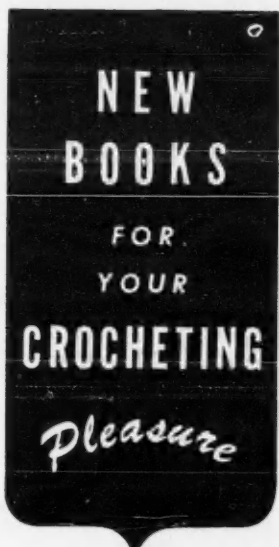
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Continued from page 16

Conversely, the small economies will go a long way toward steadying it.

Some of Marie's budget stabilizers include: Making pyjamas for Robbie out of flour sacking. Marie always trims them with some gay figured material. She has also cut his pyjamas out of the good skirt of a housecoat when the top was worn. She makes matching sports shirts for Bill and Robbie out of government surplus material and embroiders their initials on the pockets. Bill and Robbie were wearing these shirts the day of my visit and they were really smart. Marie buys unbleached cotton by the yard to make sheets. It takes 2½ yards of material at \$1.19 a yard. The cost—\$3.98 per sheet. Of course Marie watches the sales. She saw a good woollen blanket advertised in a department store basement for \$2.23 because of two small holes. She bought it to take along on picnics, and mended the holes. She finds it economical to buy a week's supply of groceries all at once and avoid shopping in between. She buys just what is necessary this way. On other trips she is sure to pick up several items she doesn't need. Marie doesn't make much jam. She preserves instead. She believes it is more economical and healthful. She has 200 jars of fruit and vegetables in the basement as well as pickles from the garden. Not to be outdone by Marie on these economies, Bill either rolls his own cigarettes or smokes a pipe.

Their whole house is neat and sweet. There are four rooms and bath downstairs: a living room, kitchen, and two bedrooms. Two more bedrooms are upstairs.

Marie made all her slipcovers years ago. They have been washed again and again. A chair with permanent cover of soft blue has just been reupholstered by the Menzies. Heavy crash curtains of ample width to draw across the big bay window were purchased at a cost of \$75. Marie found that by the time she would have bought lining material and put everything together, it was no more expensive to have them ready-made. She bought extra material and made a slipcover for the hassock and a ruffle for the lamp shade—little touches that give continuity to a room.

The coffee table, Marie's pet, is a sore point with Bill. A friend made the table and Marie, delighted with the result, traded one of Bill's suits for it. This happened while Bill was in the Air Force, but every time Bill looks at the table he thinks of his good suit. Marie is not perturbed. She says the suit wouldn't fit Bill now—and anyway, she still likes her table.

Saved \$500 on Upstairs

When Marie and Bill bought the house, the upstairs was unfinished. This allowed a saving of \$500 on the cost. Bill has built two rooms himself. As a carpenter he surprises everyone—even Bill. The doors fit and the cupboard drawers actually open. Both rooms are insulated. They are finished in gypsum board, a good surface and also fireproof.

Robbie was allowed to take part in the work, and Bill admits he was a real help in plastering nail holes, stirring paint and generally lending a hand. This has

Movie Star Says Campana's Italian Balm Best for Hands



ADRIAN BOOTH is a screen actress with personality and ability as well as good looks. She is co-star in "The Gallant Legion," a Republic picture. "Beauty is a movie star's business" claims Miss Booth "and my recipe for keeping hands soft, free from roughness, redness or chapping—is Campana's Italian Balm."

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given Robbie a sense of sharing in the home they are all making together. He also is allowed to feed Laila her bottle sometimes and to help about the house and in the garden. He isn't paid every time he gives a helping hand, either, because that would put Robbie's efforts on a wrong basis. It doesn't mean that Robbie is never rewarded with money but he doesn't expect money for every service rendered.

Neighbors Exchange Seeds

Gardening is a recreation rather than a chore at the Menzies. Growing the lawn from seed meant a considerable saving, Bill says. It cost \$7.50 for seed as against \$30 for sodding. Their shrubbery cost \$9. Because the Menzies' property runs back to a provincial highway, they were able to obtain little trees free from the government. These are only available to owners of city property where they will be used for purposes of beautifying a highway or to prevent dangerous soil erosion. Marie has planted bulbs and sown flower seed. She saves all seed from her flowers and exchanges with the neighbors. This pleasant hobby gives everyone a greater variety.

The vegetable garden at the back of the lot produced all through the summer from peas in the spring to spinach, beets, beans, tomatoes, cucumbers and corn. Marie was thrilled to do down four batches of pickles and two batches of tomatoes from their very own produce in addition to all they had fresh.

"We are planning the garden from Chatelaine," Marie announced. She brought out some well-worn pages clipped from Chatelaine of April, 1946. "Not 1946!" I gasped. "You didn't even have a home then."

Marie laughed. "No," she said, "but we had our dreams."

Both Were Mental Nurses

As children, Bill and Marie both knew the lean years of life on the prairies when mere survival seemed an end in itself. Marie's mother died when she was 12. She learned to sew and to look after the others. She and Bill met and married when both were mental nurses at the Provincial Hospital in Weyburn, Sask. Then a friend convinced Bill that there were splendid business opportunities in Hamilton, Ont. They borrowed \$350 and came east. It must have taken courage of a high order to start out on borrowed money, without a job to come to, and Robbie to be born two months later. Bill found work and by the time Robbie was two months old they had paid back every cent of those 350 borrowed dollars. Only Marie and Bill know how they managed that. The war was on and Bill joined the Air Force.

Marie's allowance from the Government during this time was \$68 a month until the last six months when it was raised to \$74. Over a period of three years in Hagersville, Ont., they saved \$1,100—about three-quarters of the down payment on their home.

Bill was discharged from the Air Force in January, 1946, but they could find no place to live in Hamilton until they bought their home. So Marie had to stay on alone in Hagersville for another year while Bill went to work for the Bell Telephone Company. It was Marie who influenced Bill to join

the company because of its standing as a business concern, because of the opportunities for advancement and in the end retirement with security.

Knowing Bill and Marie, it is not surprising that they consider friends among the essentials of life. While they say they seldom give parties, theirs is a perpetual open house. Friends are encouraged to drop in for pot luck with the family, or for an evening of conversation, sometimes bridge.

Good books and good reading are another of the essentials that Marie and Bill include in the pattern of their lives. Marie manages to belong to a book club. "Fifteen dollars a year—in advance," she proudly adds. This year Marie rented a room and gave breakfast for two weeks to earn the amount. They want their children to grow up in an atmosphere of books and music and hope to have a library of fine musical recordings—some day.

Marie finds time in her busy life, too, to make delicate pictures of shell work, to crochet, even to quilt. Marie and Bill still laugh over the time Marie had her quilting frame set up in the kitchen and they couldn't open the refrigerator door for two days. The result was worth it though.

Embroidered with her own hands and framed on the wall of their bedroom are these words:

"Let me grow lovely growing old
So many old things do,
Laces and ivory and gold.
And silks need not be new.
And there's healing in old trees.
Old streets a glamour hold.
Why not I as well as they
Grow lovely growing old."

They are good words for the Menzies; part of the philosophy they live every day. For that is another thing this fine young couple could not afford—to grow older without growing happier.

★ ★ ★

Marie's Refrigerator Rolls

- 2 cups boiling water
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon salt
- ¼ cup shortening
- 2 cakes compressed yeast
- ¼ cup lukewarm water
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 2 eggs beaten
- 8 cups sifted all-purpose flour

1. Mix boiling water, sugar, salt and shortening together; cool until lukewarm.
2. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water, add 1 teaspoon sugar, stir and add.
3. Add beaten eggs.
4. Stir in 4 cups flour; beat well.
5. Add remaining flour, one cup at a time, beating well after each addition.
6. Mix thoroughly to a smooth dough, knead slightly.
7. Place in a large greased bowl, grease top of dough, cover and store in refrigerator until ready for use.
8. This dough will keep a week.
9. When ready to use remove as much as is needed, shape into balls and put three in each muffin tin. Let rise two hours till double in bulk.
10. Bake in a 375-degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes.



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*but never
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CHAP-PROOF* your hands with TRUSHAY

RED, red rubies in your hair—so bewitching, so fashion-right! But red hands—never! They spoil your whole appearance. And they're so needless now!

Even if you do dishes or brave wintry winds, you can keep your hands smooth and lovely with *different* Trushay.

For Trushay has a unique "beforehand" extra that guards against chapping. Yes, you can use Trushay *two* wonderful ways!

To soften and smooth. Just a few drops make your hands feel like satin! Use fragrant, creamy-rich Trushay *anytime!*

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*The lotion
with the "beforehand" extra!*

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On Such a Night

Continued from page 3

an hour to get ready. Eight o'clock, Carl had said. Carl always said eight o'clock.

At the thought of Carl, Susan felt herself suffused with a lovely warmth. It was like blushing inside, where it didn't show, where you could only feel it. Thinking of Carl always affected her like this. She had known him almost seven months. And the feeling of warmth, of happiness, he aroused in her had been growing steadily stronger. Sometimes it frightened Susan a little, made her feel vulnerable and insecure. Because Carl might not feel that way about her at all. Certainly he had never said so...

The streetcar was crowded as usual. Susan swayed on a strap, being bumped against, smelling the mingled scents of humanity, perfume and perspiration and cloth and stale cigar smoke. The window afforded a too intimate view into other windows, back windows of shabby flats, inadequately veiled with limp curtains. Kitchen tables covered with oilcloth. Women bending over stoves. Men in shirt sleeves, at ease in the fancied privacy of their homes.

Susan closed her eyes against the sordid familiar little scenes. They had no part in the magic that wrapped her about, magic summoned up by the prospect of the evening ahead. An evening with Carl. So eager was she for it to begin, the two blocks from the car stop to her home practically flew past under her hurrying feet.

She was smiling as she let herself into the apartment. Her sister's husband sprawled comfortably crosswise on a slipcovered chair near the radio. Harry Adams was a big, rather handsome young man. He would be fat in a few more years and his light brown hair had already begun to recede, giving his pink forehead a naked look.

He glanced at Susan casually over his newspaper, then, observing her smile, enquired, "What you so pleased about, Susie?"

He always called her that, mostly, Susan suspected, because he knew she hated the nickname.

"Was I looking pleased?"

"Grinning like a Chessy cat." Harry put down his paper and Susan felt herself cringe inwardly. She supposed teasing her did offer more amusement than anything he'd be likely to find in the news, or even on the comic page. It wasn't that Harry was cruel, really. He was kind enough, even generous, in many ways. Take her living here with Ruth and him and the baby. Lots of brothers-in-law would have objected to that arrangement, although she did pay her way, although he and Ruth had more freedom with her there to stay with Patty sometimes in the evenings. Still, since her mother's death and her father's departure to take a job on the coast, it had proved a good setup for Susan too. Her only alternative would have been a furnished room with strangers. And Ruth wouldn't hear of that. "We've got the extra room," she had insisted hospitably. "Patty's crib only takes up a teeny corner of it. And the studio couch is really perfectly comfortable to sleep on."

And Harry had backed her up. It had all worked out well enough.

Except for times like this, when Susan tried not to wince under Harry's teasing, when she was uncomfortably unable to think of answers to his half-joking, half-prying questions. It wasn't—that she didn't *think* it was—that she was unduly sensitive. She just didn't seem to know how to cope with Harry's type of humor. And there were things she found it hard to discuss freely, to joke about. She couldn't help it. She was just that way. For all they looked so much alike, her sister had always been different from Susan, quicker on the snappy comeback, less inhibited, more exuberantly gay. Otherwise she never could have fallen in love with Harry and married him.

His voice recalled Susan to the moment. "I know what it adds up to, when you come in grinning like that and your eyes all lit up like 100-watt bulbs!" He sat there laughing at her while Susan felt her own lips grow stiff and strained with the smile that had been so natural only a moment ago. "So it's Wednesday night. So you've got a date with Carl Harris. So what, Susie?"

"So—I've just got a date, that's all." She turned it off as lightly as she could and started toward the bedroom.

But Harry's voice cut off her retreat. "Don't go in there yet. Ruth's putting the baby to bed. Patty raised Cain all day—getting another tooth, I guess. Better not disturb 'em."

"I'll see about dinner then."

Everything was prepared, Susan discovered when she had escaped to the tiny kitchen. There wasn't a thing to do until her sister had the baby settled and was ready to eat. But Susan made a busy clatter so Harry wouldn't know...

ALL DURING the meal that followed, Susan heard, without listening, Ruth's and Harry's animated discussion of the details young married couples usually discuss over the dinner table. She answered when she was spoken to, offered occasional comments of her own. But all the while she was thinking of Carl, of the shining evening ahead, of what they would say and do. Tonight might be the night it would happen. You couldn't tell when a man was going to ask you to marry him—

"There she sits, all dreamy-eyed again." Harry's voice rasped along Susan's nerves, so that she clattered her cup against the saucer. "Nervous, too," he chortled. "Gosh, Susie, you take your little two-bit dates with that guy entirely too hard."

Embarrassment and shyness washed over Susan in a hot tide.

"Don't tease her, Harry," Ruth admonished, smiling. "Carl's okay, even if he hasn't got much money to spend."

"He's okay," Harry admitted grudgingly, "but not heaven's gift to women, as Susie seems to think. And she lets him know it, too."

Ruth said, "You shouldn't do that, Sue. It'll go to his head."

"I don't," Susan denied miserably.

She thought: It's none of her business and even less of Harry's. But they mean well. I'm sure they do. If only I could joke about it, pass it off lightly, they'd let me alone. But I can't.

"Like heck you don't," Harry said. "If I ever saw a girl with her heart on her sleeve, you're it."

And Ruth added, "It puts a man off to let him know he's the only pebble

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on the beach. Why, I used to torment Harry something awful, keep him guessing—"

"You sure did," Harry grinned. "You little devil!"

They were both laughing now, their words joining and swelling into a stream of reminiscence. Susan remembered, too, how it had been during their courtship. The big comfortable old suburban house, with Mom still alive and Dad coming home from work each night. The high-school crowd she herself had gone around with. Ruth's older friends who had seemed to Susan's 16-year-old eyes so smooth and sophisticated. Mom and Dad had made them all welcome.

Susan wished it could have gone on that way forever. It was so different, living with a married sister. When she and Carl had a date, they had to go somewhere. Harry kidded them so and it was the only way they could be alone. It would never occur to Ruth and Harry to go out when Carl came over, or even to go to bed early, as Mom and Dad used to do for them.

Susan thought: We never get a chance to just sit home and talk and listen to the radio. Maybe if we did, Carl would have asked me to marry him before this. But somehow you just don't talk about things like that at the movies, or bowling, or over a soda. At least—we don't.

She was glad Ruth and Harry had let the subject of her affairs drop for the time being.

But Ruth picked it up again, right after dinner, while she and Susan did the dishes. "Honestly, Sue," she said above the clatter of china and silver, "I do think you're making a mistake with Carl."

"What do you think I do?" Susan asked, driven. "Carl doesn't think I'm crazy about him, as you and Harry seem to believe."

"He must be blind then," Ruth chuckled. And then she queried confidentially, "He hasn't asked you yet, has he? I mean there's no definite understanding between you?"

Susan shook her head and turned to put the dishes away in the cabinet. She could feel herself flushing and her throat ached. The magic had begun to rub off the night in large patches, so that you could see its dullness, its ordinariness underneath. After all, what was so special about this date? It was just one of her regular Wednesday night dates with Carl. They'd go to the movies, maybe have a hamburger after, maybe take a walk if it didn't rain. And in all probability nothing wonderful would happen. Nothing wonderful ever did happen, did it? Why go on hoping, being disappointed, hoping again? It didn't make sense.

Susan became aware that Ruth was speaking, still in that low confidential tone, giving her advice. "I don't suppose any man ever got the idea of proposing to a girl all by himself. Men have too much fun, they're too satisfied with their freedom. You have to kind of—manoeuvre them into the right frame of mind. It helps if you get them afraid they may lose you, the old jealousy routine, you know? After all, Sue, you're 24 and not getting any younger. You don't want to waste too much time on Carl unless—"

Susan said chokingly, as she hung the dish towel on its rack. "I have to hurry, Ruth. I have to get ready. It's after seven."

LITTLE LULU

by Margé

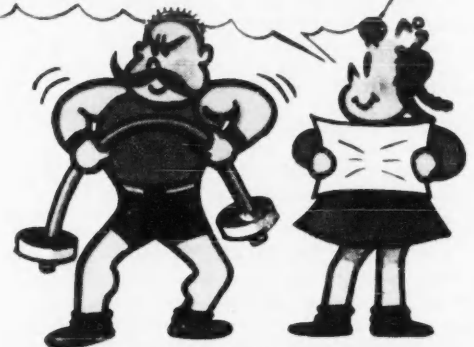
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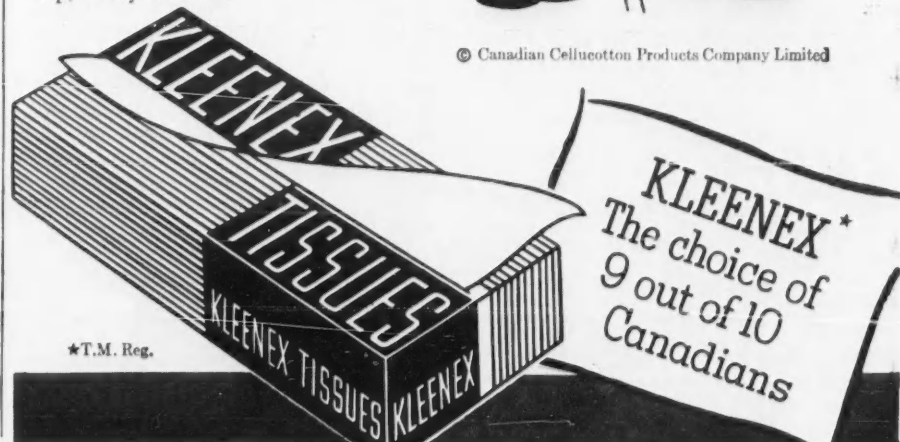


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She escaped then into the semi-privacy of the room she shared with Patty. After a moment her eyes accustomed themselves to the darkness and she glimpsed the baby asleep in her crib, her chubby arms high across the pillow. Susan turned on the dresser lamp just long enough to gather up the clothes she meant to wear. Then, with them across her arm, she went into the bathroom to dress.

Here in the brightly lit little cubicle she could achieve complete privacy. But while she showered and dressed and brushed her hair to a shining lustre, it seemed as though the things Ruth and Harry had said echoed around and around in her mind, so that she could not escape them.

Her heart cried out, I can't help loving Carl, but I don't want to manoeuvre him into anything. If he doesn't care about me, doesn't want to marry me, it's no good. It wouldn't be honest to trap him, to make him think he might lose me. I couldn't do things like that. Oh, Carl, Carl, if you'd only say something. If I could only be sure you're figuring on a future together, then I wouldn't be impatient. I could wait forever, if I were only sure . . .

She was vaguely aware that the phone had rung, that someone had answered it. Then knuckles tapped the door and Harry said, "Hey, Susie, it's for you. Can you take it, or—"

"I'm all dressed. Just a second."

"It's Carl," Harry told her as she came out. "Funny he isn't on his way here. Must be going to stand you up."

She lifted the receiver, said, "Hello?" a little frown between her brows, her heart hurrying.

"Hello, Susan." There was an unmistakable note of apology in Carl's deep young voice. "The darndest thing's happened. I'm still at the office. Worked straight through, figuring I could finish in time for our date. Now—he hesitated unhappily — "it looks as though I'll be tied up all evening."

"Oh—that's too bad." She tried to keep her disappointment from sounding in her tone, aware of Ruth and Harry quiet as mice in the room behind her, listening to every word.

Carl's voice went on, explaining, apologizing. Something to do with the accounting department, the monthly statements, an error that couldn't be found. He finished, "You see how it is, Susan? I can't leave—but I hate letting you down like this at the last minute."

"It's all right, Carl," Susan said in the unnatural silence. "It can't be helped. I—don't mind, really."

"Well, I do," Carl said. "But we'll make it Saturday night instead, Susan. Will that be all right? Saturday around eight?"

"Yes," she said, "that'll be all right." She wanted to add something else, something less stiff and constrained, but she couldn't, not with Ruth and Harry hearing every word. The silence stretched out uncomfortably before Carl spoke.

"You're not angry, Susan? You understand?"

"No, I understand."

"Well—then I'll see you Saturday. Good-by, Susan."

"Good-by . . ."

She hung up and it was as though the little click of the receiver were a key, turning on a record of voices in the room.

Ruth's voice asking, "What's the



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matter, Sue? Isn't he coming, or why'd he phone?"

Harry's voice, amused. "Told you he was standing her up. Right at the last minute too. Comes of letting a guy get too sure of you, Susie—but don't say we didn't warn you."

THE ROOM seemed to be pressing in on Susan, the voices were unbearably loud and insistent in her ears. She couldn't tell them—she couldn't! If she started explaining, Ruth and Harry would talk about it so, they'd make endless comment, discuss and advise. She simply couldn't face it—not tonight, with the magic all rubbed thin and tarnished, with the prospect of utter emptiness ahead.

Almost without thought, words slipped from her lips, through the careful little smile she arranged to frame them. "Why, no, he's not standing me up. It's just—he's been delayed at the office so he figured it would be better if I could meet him at the movies. Then he won't have to come all the way over here, we won't be so late getting started."

Having said it, she realized with relief that none of her end of the phone conversation would give her lie away. And she was glad she hadn't told the truth. Her sister's expression had lightened, but there was a little look of disappointment on Harry's face, as though he had been ruthlessly deprived of his right to say, "I told you so."

"Oh, well," Ruth said, smiling, "that's not so bad. Where you going, the Strand?"

Susan nodded. They nearly always went to the Strand.

"That's seven blocks away," Harry sounded argumentative. "He's got a nerve, expecting Susie to meet him."

"But it'll save us a good half hour," Susan embroidered her original fib shamelessly. "And I can take the bus."

She didn't take the bus, though. When she escaped into the cool quiet of the night a few minutes later, it was with such a sense of relief that she ignored the bus stop sign and kept on walking. The wind molded her coat about her, fingered her hair back from her face. It was still a nice night, although the magic had faded now, with no prospect of seeing Carl. Still this was much better than spending the evening at home, listening to Ruth and Harry discuss the inner whys and wherefores of Carl's failure to put in an appearance.

Susan didn't want sympathy, she didn't want advice. She wanted to be let alone, to be permitted to work things out for herself, or to let them work themselves out. Why couldn't Ruth and Harry see that? It was her life, her love affair—only it wasn't, in any real sense, a love affair yet at all. Maybe, Susan thought as she walked along, it never would be. Maybe, as Harry often and far from subtly implied, Carl had no idea of marriage. Maybe he simply took her out because he got lonely living in a boardinghouse, because she had become a sort of habit with him.

Susan's mind winced away from the thought and the wind felt colder. She was glad when the lights of the theatre flashed in her eyes. She bought a ticket and went inside without even bothering to see what was playing. Something in Technicolor, as it turned out, all highly improbable and romantic. Sheltered in darkness, Susan tried to think what it would be like if she and Carl could be



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together against the pulse-stirring background of the tropics, on a little white-sailed boat, dipping and swaying gracefully into the sunset. Such silly dreams. She was acting like a lovesick adolescent, losing herself in the action of a movie, imagining Carl making romantic love to her. Maybe, Susan tried to tell herself, Saturday would be the day. But somehow the magic was quite dead.

You couldn't go on forever feeling hopeful and expectant, waiting for something wonderful to happen.

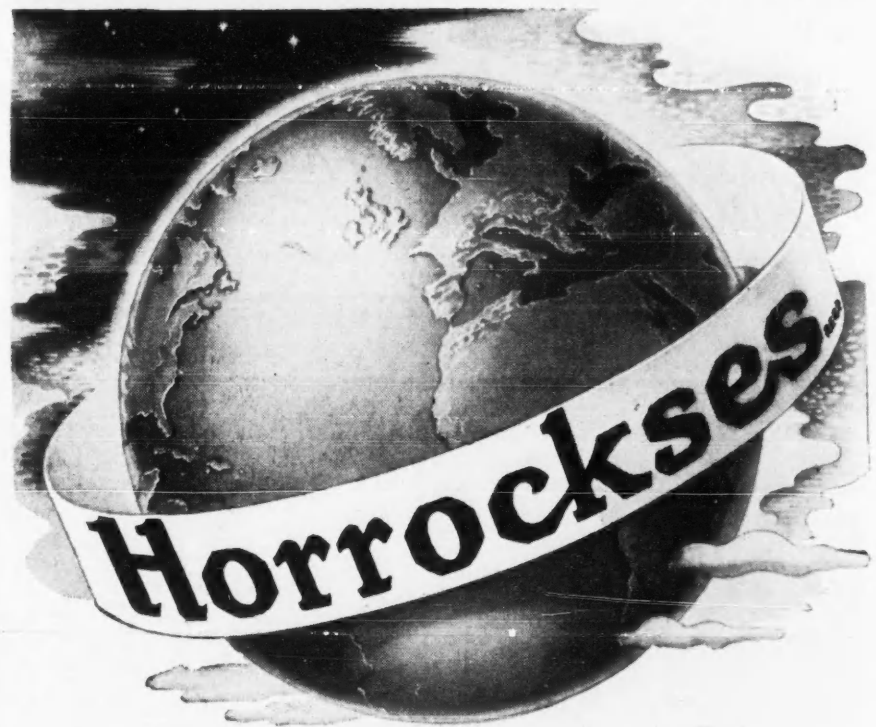
No doubt Harry was right, Carl was just passing the time with her. After all, if he felt as she did, what was holding him back? Couldn't he tell she wouldn't want a lot to start with? Or that she'd be willing to wait, if he thought best? But he had never spoken a word of a future to be spent together. Facing these irrefutable facts squarely, Susan saw that she had been a fool to let herself fall in love with Carl, to hope, to dream of marriage.

SHE DIDN'T wait for the end of the picture. Out in the lobby once more, she felt tired and dispirited, curiously drained of emotion. There was a sort of comfort in her numbness, a promise of not being hurt any more. Did it feel like this to grow old, to know yourself an outsider from life, Susan wondered?

It was too early to go home. Ruth and Harry would still be up, they would ask questions. Why had Carl gone so soon? Why hadn't she asked him in. Why, why, why... The thought of their curiosity pricked painfully through Susan's sheltering cloak of numbness.

There was a little restaurant a few blocks away, where she and Carl often stopped for a bite to eat after the show. Susan wasn't hungry, still the thought of the warm bright room, with its appetizing aroma of frying food, was appealing. She turned left at the corner, started along the street the restaurant was on, her heels making staccato little clicks on the sidewalk. The lights of the theatre marquee were no longer visible. It was darker along this street of small shops than Susan had realized. Darker and rather forbidding, somehow, when you walked alone. There was scarcely anyone about. What in the world was she afraid of, alone on an empty street, only a block from a busy boulevard where cars zoomed constantly past? It was just that she had never come this way alone before, not at night. She had an instinct to turn back, to walk quickly toward the brightly lit boulevard, maybe even to run—It was then she heard the footsteps, hurrying behind her. Hurrying too fast, it seemed to Susan's suddenly aroused perception. Pursuing her—that was how the footsteps sounded. She couldn't turn back now, her best bet lay in going ahead to the little restaurant. She'd be safe there. She could phone for a cab to take her home. That's what she'd do. It was all perfectly simple.

But the pursuing footsteps were closer now, they seemed to have crept up on her while she planned what to do. Susan threw a quick frightened glance across her shoulder. It was a man hurrying after her, his shoulders looming unnaturally broad and forbidding against the lights behind him, his elongated shadow almost upon her. Susan quickened her pace, not quite running, stifling the little fearful cry that fought against her locked lips. Her



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heart was pounding, the blood pulsing in her ears. Through it she heard a voice, a deep young voice, a not too certain voice, call out behind her. "Susan—Susan, is it you?"

CARL'S VOICE stopped Susan in her tracks, made her whirl around to face him, a great wave of relief almost drowning her.

"Carl—oh, you scared me so!" Her voice was shaking.

Her hands went out toward him. He took them in his, pulled her close against him in the dimness of the deserted street, held her fast. "Gee, I'm sorry. I just wanted to get near enough to be sure it was you. Susan"—his voice was abjectly apologetic—"you're shaking."

Her teeth were chattering a little, too. She said, "I'm ashamed to be such a b-baby, but I thought—oh, I don't know what I thought. It doesn't matter now."

"What you need's some hot coffee," Carl said.

They walked along, his arm about her, warm and real and solid. There was a sound of singing all about, probably from the record shop across the street, but maybe not. Carl proceeded to explain how he happened to be there. Not very long after he phoned her the elusive error had been found and he was free to leave. So he had phoned again, intending to keep their date after all.

"Oh," Susan said. "Oh!" If Carl had given her fib away, she'd have endless explaining to do.

Carl chuckled. "As soon as Harry heard my voice he said, 'But I understood you were meeting Susie at the movies. That's what she said.' So I thought fast and told him you must have gone inside instead of waiting for me in the lobby. That satisfied him. Then I got to the Strand in a hurry, intending to wait for you. But I thought I saw you just turning the corner, so I followed."

Susan said miserably, "You must think I'm terrible, telling such a lie. But—well, they always talk so about everything. I just couldn't stay home and listen to all they'd have to say about your not keeping our date. It was—swell of you to cover up for me."

"Forget it." Carl's voice was gruffly tender and his arm tightened about her. Then he asked hesitantly, "Susan, sometimes I've wondered—are you really happy living there with them?"

Imagine Carl wondering about a thing like that! Happiness warmed Susan. She said, "It's all right. They mean well."

"Sure, I suppose so. But sometimes it seems to me your brother-in-law rides you pretty hard. I don't like it."

"He kids a lot," Susan admitted. "But it's just his way."

Something akin to affection flowered in her heart for Harry, the unwitting cause of Carl's sweet solicitude on her behalf.

They had reached the little restaurant now. Friendly light shone through its windows and some of the hamburger and onion smell seeped out to perfume the night air pungently. Susan wondered if Carl had forgotten his arm was still around her. Or perhaps he liked having it there as much as she did. The magic of the night had all returned now, more shining, more special than ever. On such a night anything could happen, anything at all.



EDWIGE FEUILLERE

"Glamor" Is A Worn-Out Word?



As a good resolution for 1949, an amateur film critic writes to urge the banning of the word, "Glamor", as obsolete. He describes the continental beauties now in British films as authentically glamorous; declares they show up that over-worked noun as too shopworn for further use. That is his opinion.

★ ★ ★

The great Parisienne star of WOMAN HATER, Edwige Feuillere, he cites as exhibit A.

★ ★ ★

With that passion for listing things which hits everyone at the start of new seasons, he also submits some "average film fan's special mentions":

★ ★ ★

For great future promise: Jean Simmons, (THE BLUE LAGOON).

★ ★ ★

As the refreshingly beautiful new discovery in any language; red-headed Moira Shearer, (THE RED SHOES).

★ ★ ★

As international stars, Anglo-French: Francoise Rosay, (SARABAND, QUARTET); Anglo-American: Ann Todd, (THE PASSIONATE FRIENDS).

★ ★ ★

As obligatory in any list of the aforementioned continental beauties: Mai Zetterling, (QUARTET, LORD BYRON, PORTRAIT FROM LIFE); Greta Gynt, (MR. PERRIN AND MR. TRAILL).

★ ★ ★

As highly interesting newcomers: Joan Greenwood, (SARABAND, LORD BYRON); Susan Shaw, (QUARTET).

★ ★ ★

To support his thesis that a distinctive personality is destined to be a box-office asset of even greater importance than ever before, this critic proposes to watch particularly: Jean Kent, (SLEEPING CAR TO TRIESTE) and Googie Withers, (MIRANDA, ONCE UPON A DREAM).

★ ★ ★

(Films listed in brackets are new films in which these stars are current or soon to be seen.)

For the local playdate on any J. Arthur Rank picture, ask at your own Theatre.

An  Release



Helen Campbell's Page

Silver linings to the February cloud. Well there's only 28 days of it. Now you're looking forward to spring, not to February—but spring cleaning is 'way off yet. This is the month the groundhog doesn't see his shadow, let's hope. And somebody'll send you a Valentine, mebbe.

Take beets now (you take them, me, I'm not having any), cook them with a little orange juice and 'tis said they're better beets. They'd better be.

If the dear dead days are beyond recall that's all right by me. I've washed and darned too many prenylon stockings to care much about bygones.

What Watson did for Sherlock, mint sauce does for lamb, lemon for fish, a rub of garlic for the tossed green salad bowl and a pinch of salt for almost any vittle.

A shower of blessing is the shaved or grated semisweet chocolate which you scatter over a custard or cream pie.

It's a sad roast that gives no drip-pings, a sorry pie that won't grease its own tin.

Neighbor has a busy-day twist with her tea biscuits. Makes the dough a mite softer than usual and bakes in muffin tins. Saves rolling.

Pear-a-graph: Bake halved winter pears with corn syrup and lemon juice (2 tablespoons juice to a cup of syrup). Fill hollows with warmed mincemeat. Serve with hard sauce, maybe.

Come Valentine's Day. Now if you want to wear your heart on your sleeve that's all right by me—and by the good saint.

Likewise if you find some conversation lozenges (or the modern equivalent, if any—I wouldn't know) slip one into the hand of the right person and see where it gets you. We wish you luck, St. Valentine and I.

Maybe I should tell you, if you don't know it already, that too long cooking turns the docile oyster into a tough guy.

Pump a half can of whole kernel corn into a can of tomato soup mixed, you know, with the same of milk. Add a scrape of onion and a little chunk of butter. Heat, but don't you boil. There you have a southern special, honey.

Hot tips for ice cream: Roll balls of strawberry ice in shredded coconut, serve on heart-shaped cake slices—for the fourteenth; pile any flavor in tart shells over a bit of fruit, swirl with meringue and bake 90 seconds to brown. Ditto in a pie shell. Put a scoop of vanilla ice cream on hot halved apples tenderly coddled in syrup. Top apple dumpling with the same. Stuff cream puff cases with any flavor and serve with sauce. Hollow out cupcakes, fill with ice cream. Make an ice-cream sandwich, or shortcake. Heap in meringue shells. Or make a Baked Alaska. Nice on split doughnuts too.

From a reader, this idea—and a good one. Paint your name on a spring-type clothespin, carry it in your purse and use it to clip your rubbers together, times you have to leave them with other folks'. Like at a meeting, you know.

Speaking of dumplings—as I now propose to do—have you ever spiced them with a little variety? F'r instance, put minced parsley in them? Or chopped raw, lightly sweetened cranberries? Or a little sage? Used tomato juice instead of milk for the liquid or thrown in some grated cheese? Ever tried rolled oats or cornmeal in their makeup? You could—and you might like them.

No peeking while dumplings cook; they set great store on privacy. You've got to have faith in something, sometimes, and this is once.

You don't have to like this, but I think you will—round steak with flour, dry mustard, salt and pepper pounded into it. Finished off Swiss fashion—browned in drippings simmered in very little water. Add a good dash of Worcestershire.

New to me—or it was. And maybe new to you. Chocolate Cupcakes, spread with mint jelly, then swirled with boiled icing. +

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Meals of the Month FEBRUARY 1949

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
TUE 1	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamed Eggs on Toast Chili Sauce Celery Jam Turnover Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew Boiled Potatoes Carrots Mustard Pickles Fruit Cup Coffee
WED 2	Apple and Lemon Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce Coleslaw Bread Sticks Whipped Raspberry Jelly Cookies Tea Cocoa	Grilled Sausages Creamed Potatoes Mashed Turnips Plum Roly-poly Coffee Tea
THU 3	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toast Coffee	Toasted Cheese and Bacon Sandwiches Celery Curls Bananas and Cream Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Mushroom Soup Baked Potatoes Parsnip and Carrot Rings Apple Betty Coffee Tea
FRI 4	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee	Corn Chowder Hard Rolls Celery and Carrot Sticks Stewed Prunes Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Baked Halibut with Spanish Sauce Mashed Potatoes Gingerbread à la Mode Coffee Tea
SAT 5	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Cold Sliced Meat Loaf Mustard Pickles Tossed Salad Gingerbread Trifle Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Parsley Potatoes Baked Onions Steamed Fruit Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
SUN 6	Stewed Prunes Cereal Bran Muffins Honey Coffee	Tomato Juice French Toast Bacon Curls Coleslaw Chocolate Rennet Pudding Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Roast Pork Currant Jelly Boiled Potatoes Apple Pie and Cheese Coffee Tea
MON 7	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Cream of Pea Soup Peanut Butter and Carrot Sandwich Fresh Fruit Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Roast Pork Governor's Sauce Mashed Potatoes Cottage Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
TUE 8	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee	Cold Meat Potato Salad Tomato Jelly Mold Relishes Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Fried Bologna Chili Sauce Mashed Potatoes Spinach Spanish Cream Coffee
WED 9	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toast Coffee	Cheese Soufflé Peas and Onion Rings Celery Leftover Cake with Applesauce Tea Cocoa	Mixed Grill (liver, bacon and sausages) Baked Potatoes Carrot Sticks Cranberry Roly-poly Coffee Tea
THU 10	Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee	Grilled Sardines on Toast Stewed Tomatoes Custard Molds with Syrup Tea Cocoa	Veal Stew with Potato Dumplings Grated Raw Carrot and Onion Salad Peach Upside-down Cakes Coffee Tea
FRI 11	Grape Juice with Lemon Cereal Toast Coffee	Bean Soup Crackers Orange, Apple and Banana Cup Tea Cocoa	Codfish Cakes Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Coleslaw Steamed Fig Pudding Coffee Tea
SAT 12	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Corn Pudding Head Lettuce Wedges Thousand Island Dressing Canned Fruit Chelsea Bun Tea Cocoa	Dressed Spareribs Baked Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
SUN 13	Orange Slices Cereal Waffles Coffee	Cold Meat Plate (with Potato Chips, Coleslaw and a Tomato Slice) Brown Rolls Ice Cream Tea Cocoa	Roast Leg of Lamb Mint Sauce Mashed Potatoes Raisin Pie Coffee Tea
MON 14	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Baked Beans Chili Sauce Celery Curls Grilled Half Grapefruit Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Lamb Mint Jelly Browned Potatoes Creamed Carrots and Onions Baked Apple and Cream Coffee Tea
TUE 15	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toasted Muffins Jelly Coffee	Spanish Omelet Tossed Salad Johnny-cake Tea Cocoa	Meat and Potato Casserole Buttered Beets Custard Rice Pudding Coffee Tea
WED 16	Grape Juice Cereal Brown Toast Coffee	Cream of Asparagus Soup Toasted Cheese and Bacon Sandwiches Oranges and Bananas Tea Cocoa	Beef Patties Creole Sauce Baked Potatoes Green Beans Pear Gingerbread Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea
THU 17	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Noodle Supper Casserole Lettuce with French Dressing Crackers Cheese Tea Cocoa	Sausage Cobbler Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots and Peas Fruited Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
FRI 18	Orange Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toast Coffee	Cream of Onion Soup Croutons Individual Fruit Shortcake Tea Cocoa	Broiled Haddock Parsley Potatoes Asparagus Cuttings Lemon Prune Pie Coffee Tea
SAT 19	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Baked Beans Ketchup Brown Toast Apple Compote Ginger Cookies Tea Cocoa	Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes Cabbage Wedges Celery and Carrot Curls Orange Tapioca Cream Coffee Tea
SUN 20	Tomato Juice Cereal French Toast Syrup Coffee	Assorted Sandwiches Celery Fruit Loaf Grapes Hot Chocolate Tea	Baked Cottage Roll Creamed Potatoes Buttered Beets Coconut Custard Pie Coffee Tea

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
MON 21	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Mixed Vegetable Salad Jellied Fruits Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Browned Potatoes Creamed Peas Cup Cakes Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
TUE 22	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Honey Coffee Tea	Creamy Eggs on Toast Coleslaw Jam Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Meat Pie Baked Potatoes Mashed Turnips Apple Pie and Cheese Coffee Tea
WED 23	Apple and Lemon Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Lima Bean Casserole Bacon Curls Celery and Carrot Sticks Chocolate Pudding Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Hamburgers Brown Gravy Parsley Potatoes Carrots Fruit Cup Coffee Tea
THU 24	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Vegetable Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Tossed Salad Raw Apple Cookies Tea Cocoa	Beefsteak and Kidney Stew Boiled Potatoes Spinach Raisin Pie Coffee Tea
FRI 25	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Cocoa	Creamy Macaroni Raw Relishes Johnnycake Syrup Tea Cocoa	Salmon Loaf Tartare Sauce Parsley Potatoes Asparagus Cuttings Cottage Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
SAT 26	Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Marmalade Coffee Tea	Welsh Rarebit on Toast Cabbage and Peanut Salad Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	Grilled Wieners Mashed Potatoes Tomato Casserole Ice Cream Chocolate Cake Coffee Tea
SUN 27	Blended Vegetable Juices Cereal Poached Egg on Toast Coffee Tea	Ham Pancakes Raisin Sauce Caramel Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Roast of Pork Applesauce Roast Potatoes Peas Tossed Salad Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
MON 28	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Muffins Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup Squid Sandwich Queen Pudding Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Pork Chili Sauce French Fried Potatoes Green Beans Stuffed Baked Apple Coffee Tea

Meals of the Month Recipes

Sausage Cobbler—Make tea biscuit dough, using 2 cups flour or mix; roll out $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick and spread in shallow baking dish about 9 inches square. Arrange $1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds partially cooked sausages on top of dough and press thin apple wedges (2 to 3 apples, peeled) between sausages. Brush apples with sausage fat and bake at 400 degrees F. for 30 to 35 minutes. Six servings.

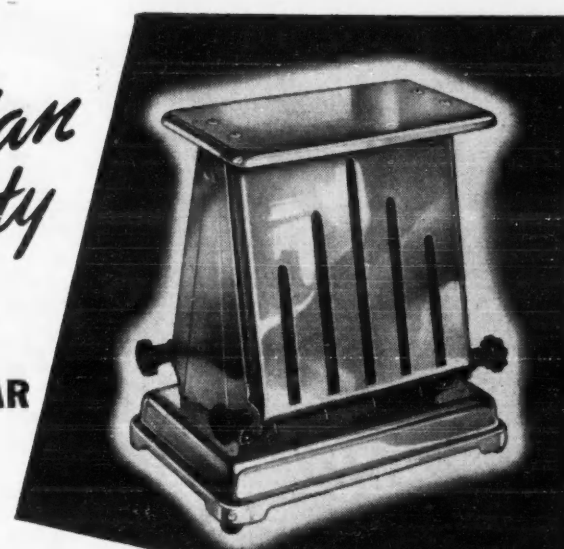
Corn Pudding—Combine 1 can whole-kernel corn and 2 tablespoons minced onion; season with salt and pepper. Stir in 2 slightly beaten eggs and 2 cups milk. Turn into greased baking dish, place in pan of hot water and bake at 325 degrees F. until firm (about 1 hour). Six servings.

Queen Pudding—Soak 2 cups stale bread crumbs in 1 quart scalded milk until soft. Add 3 egg yolks mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Pour into baking dish, set in pan of hot water and bake at 325 degrees F. until firm (about 1 hour). When cool spread with currant jam or jelly, place sliced bananas on top and sprinkle with lemon juice. Beat 3 egg whites until stiff and gradually beat in 3 tablespoons sugar. Spread meringue on top of pudding, put back in oven and leave only until meringue is delicately browned. Six servings.

Thousand Island Dressing—To 1 cup mayonnaise add 2 tablespoons chili sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper or pimento and 1 tablespoon chopped olives. Mix well. Yield: $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups.

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Lemon in Water First Thing Daily

Yes, just the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—that's all! If you take it each morning the very first thing when you get up, you're pretty sure to find your laxative worries are over. Lemon in water is all that most folks need.



—it's healthful!



Lemon in water is good for you. Instead of being upsetting and irritating, it helps your system regulate itself. It's not too sharp or sour, either—just tangy enough to be refreshing. Clears your mouth, wakes you up. You'll like it!

Juice of one fresh lemon

in a glass of water

first thing on arising

TRY THIS HEALTHFUL WAY TO KEEP REGULAR!

Generations of Canadians have taken lemons for health. They're among the richest sources of vitamin C. They alkalize, aid digestion. Lemon in water, when taken daily first thing on arising, is all that most people need for prompt, normal elimination. Try it! Give it time to establish regularity for you.



Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON in WATER ...first thing on arising

ICE

does it better

FRESHER FOODS
Meats and fresh produce stay juicy, vitamin-rich in the circulating "moist cold" of an ice refrigerator. No drying out—no loss of flavour.

LOWER COST
Ice refrigerators cost 1/5 to 1/4 as much as other types. Each icing lasts 4 to 6 days.

MORE ICE
Always plenty of crystal-clear ice for drinks and table use.

For modern ice service—for modern ice refrigerators—see your local ice dealer who displays this emblem.



CANADIAN ICE FOUNDATION - 137 WELLINGTON ST. WEST - TORONTO, CAN.

It takes the fastest horse 20.8 seconds to run a quarter-mile . . . but in only

TWO SECONDS

Aspirin is ready to go to work!



Glass of water test shows why Aspirin quickly relieves pain of colds, sore throats!

There's no point in suffering the misery of a sore throat due to a cold. Just take ASPIRIN for fast relief. It not only soothes the irritation of the sore throat, but also relieves painful cold symptoms.

ASPIRIN means quick relief because it is ready to go to work in two seconds. You can prove this by dropping an ASPIRIN tablet in a glass of water. What it does in the water, it does when you take it . . . starts disintegrating almost at once.

In addition, Bayer ASPIRIN is a single active ingredient that has been used, year in and year out, by millions of normal people—without ill effect. So buy ASPIRIN—and use it with confidence.

TO RELIEVE PAIN OF COLDS, SORE THROATS, TAKE

ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK REG. IN CANADA

Lowest Prices Ever!
Pocket box of 12 . . . 18c
Economy bottle of 24 . . . 29c
Family size of 100 . . . 79c



Icings for Birthday Cakes

Continued from page 13

Butter Icing

- 1/4 cup soft butter
- 2 cups sifted icing sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla or almond extract
- 3 tablespoons cream or top milk

METHOD: Cream butter until fluffy. Add 1 cup sifted sugar gradually and cream thoroughly. Add flavoring and 1 tablespoon cream. Beat thoroughly. Add remaining sugar and cream alternately, continuing to beat well.

Yield: Sufficient frosting for top and sides of an 8-inch square cake or for top and sides of a 9-inch square cake, for top and sides of an 8-inch round layer cake or for top and sides of a 9-inch round layer cake.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Chocolate Butter Icing

Use same recipe as for Butter Icing, add 1 1/2 ounces (1 1/2 squares) of melted unsweetened chocolate and reduce cream to 2 tablespoons.

Orange Butter Icing

Use same recipe as for Butter Icing. Omit vanilla and cream. Add 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, 1/2 teaspoon lemon extract and 3 tablespoons orange juice. For deeper orange color, add a few drops of vegetable orange coloring.

Fluffy Frosting

- 1 egg white
- 3/4 cup granulated sugar
- 2 1/2 tablespoons water
- 1/2 tablespoon light corn syrup
- OR 1/8 teaspoon cream of tartar
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

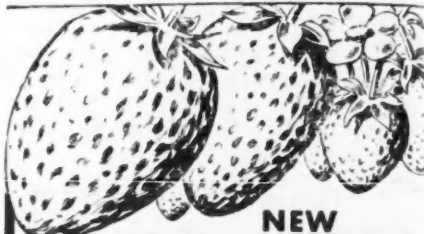
METHOD: Combine all ingredients except vanilla in top part of double boiler and beat with rotary beater to completely blend. Place over rapidly boiling water. Beat mixture constantly with rotary beater for about 7 minutes or until it is fluffy and will hold its shape. Remove from hot water. Blend in flavoring. Beat one minute longer. **Yield:** Sufficient frosting for an 8-inch layer cake.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Note: Double the above recipe for frosting a 9- or 10-inch layer cake.

Frosting Pointers


1. Be sure cake is cool before starting to frost it.
2. Spread frosting on sides of cake first.
3. Use a broad knife or spatula for spreading frosting on cakes.
4. If icing is too stiff to go through pastry tube easily, add a few drops of milk or cream and mix thoroughly.
5. Use only tall type birthday candles in holders if your cake has a fluffy coconut frosting. (The low candle flames may set the coconut on fire.)



NEW MONT ROSA
EVERBEARING RUNNERLESS DWARF BUSH STRAWBERRY

Fruits from seed the first year; easily grown. Bush form, about one foot high. No runners. Hardy perennial. Bears abundantly from early summer till killing frost. Has an intense luscious flavor and aroma like that of wild strawberry; rich and juicy. Neat compact bushy growth makes it highly ornamental as well as valuable in vegetable, fruit or flower garden, borders etc. A showy pot plant too. Though smaller than commercial strawberries Mont Rosa is the largest fruiting of any variety we know from seed, surpassing the popular solemacher and similar types. Its unique bush form and exquisite flavor place it in a class by itself for every home garden. Seed supply is limited. Order early. (Pkt. 25c) (3 pkts. 50c) postpaid.

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DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN, ONT.



FIRST aid for DRY SKIN

Keep "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly handy, too, for cuts, bruises, burns and 101 other home uses.

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EXPORT

CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Planning a Laundry

For Today and Tomorrow

By Jane Monteith

YOU DON'T need to buy a new house to have a new laundry. It's comparatively easy to transform what you have into a really efficient, streamlined workroom for your washing and ironing.

But it is a good idea to keep your eyes fixed on the future. A fully automatic laundry is no longer a distant dream—some automatic equipment is available now and there will be more in a year or two. So, as you plan your arrangement, allow enough space for the new models you hope to buy.

Plan your laundry as an assembly line—always remembering that your washing machine must be near the source of water and is therefore a "fixed" item. Be sure, too, to have enough wall outlets installed for present and future electrical equipment.

In an ideal laundry setup the dirty clothes go in at one side of the room, then from one operation to the next in a continuous line around the room to come out finished at the other side.

Sorting is the first phase of efficient laundering. For this you need a table or other work surface placed near the door or clothes chute (if you have one). Built-in wire bins or ventilated containers under the table are helpful for storing soiled clothing.

Be sure to have a shelf immediately above the table to hold spot-removal solutions and a well-stocked mending basket. (Add a bottle with a sprinkling cap if you plan to dampen here later.)

Washing is the next operation in your assembly line.

If you have a conventional machine with a swinging wringer, place the machine in front of your laundry tubs. Then the clothes will pass from machine to first rinse, to second rinse with no further adjustment than swinging the wringer into position. Or store it against the wall and wheel it into place on washday.

If you have a machine with a spin-dry attachment, it might be more convenient to stand it to one side of the tubs.

Place an automatic machine wherever it is handiest to sorting centre or drier.

Your machine should be placed as close as possible to the drain and, in some houses, this presents a real problem. A siphon-hose arrangement, however, is very efficient for both filling and emptying your machine. In fact, you'll have less work in cleaning the machine and the floor after you've finished the washing if you always use a siphon hose.

Whatever your method of washing clothes, have your laundry basket raised to an easy working height on a small rolling table or stool. Don't forget to arrange a place for soaps, water softeners, etc. A one- or two-burner stove on a small stand near the tubs is useful for making starch and boiling handkerchiefs or diapers.

Drying clothes indoors is almost a necessity during the winter months in Canada. An electric or gas drier is the perfect solution to this problem but there aren't very many on the market just now. There are several styles of wooden clothes racks to choose from, or you can hang a conventional clothes-line in the laundry or an adjacent room. When you plan the location of your lines, try to keep them as much as possible out of the way of your working centres.

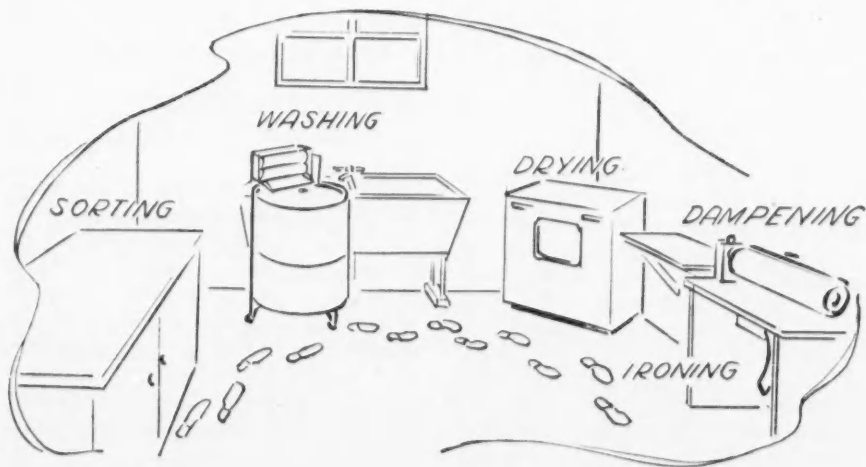
Dampening and folding require some kind of work surface. This may be the sorting table, or a combination dampening and receiving table placed close to the ironing centre.

A table on wheels that can be rolled from one position to another is sometimes more effective than a series of small ones.

Ironing is the last, and perhaps the most particular, laundering operation. Here comfort is of prime importance. So all equipment should be placed in the best-lighted, handiest positions and comfortable seating provided.

Even if you have an automatic ironer, you'll need a hand iron and an ironing board for small jobs. There are many new styles in both wooden and metal ironing boards to choose from.

Have a table near your ironer or ironing board to receive the finished work. Include a folding rack on which to hang ironed linens and cottons until they are thoroughly dry.



Less work, fewer steps if each piece of laundry equipment is placed in order of operation around the room.

You can see
it's
PYREX



Pyrex Oven and Refrigerator Sets for baking, serving and storing. They stack in the ice box. \$3.70



So easy to clean, Pyrex means faster, better cooking too. And with Pyrex you can prepare, cook, serve and store—all in the one dish. See what you're cooking and know that food is safe in heat-resistant Pyrex!



Pyrex Flameless Double Boiler for sauces and icings. Easy to watch water level. 6 cup size. \$4.95



Pyrex Flameless Hostess teapot, the ideal gift... has so many uses. Fine for all hot drinks. 6 cup size in gift carton. \$2.75



Pyrex Flameless Percolator makes perfect coffee every time.

PYREX

OVENWARE
FLAMEWARE

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BRENDA YORK'S COLUMN

Best Recipe Wins \$100.00

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE WHO WRITES!

HELLO NEIGHBOURS: Got the after-Christmas "doldrums"? Longing for a trip "away from it all"? Me, too—but it's just not in the cards. So—how about planning a party with me? For the young in heart, there's no better month than February for gay doings. First, let's ring the calendar's "14th" with a red-crayoned heart. Next, we'll need a list of our most sentimental friends—they'll like receiving an invitation written in the centre of a lace-paper doily, the edges threaded with tiny bright-red ribbon. And now—the food! What about heart-shaped tomato jelly moulds; devilled eggs topped with cheese-and-mayonnaise rosettes; sandwiches galore: open-faced, rolled, ribboned—hot and cold. As a finale, let's have something fluffy, sweet and pink. Now who mentioned a trip to the sunny South? I'm going to stay home and have fun!

But first, we have important business: our November \$100.00 First Prize Winner! And lucky she is to have her recipe chosen from such a tremendous number of interesting and original ideas for serving "Maple Leaf" Cheese. My hat is off to all you good cooks—and you'll join me, I'm sure, in saying

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS TO

MISS MATILDA RYAN,

507 McKay Street, Pembroke, Ont.

for an exciting departure from the usual type of cookie. They're so versatile—good with soups, fruit or vegetable juices, as well as apple sauce or a baked apple dessert. My, how we all enjoyed

"MAPLE LEAF" CHEESE 'N' NUT CRISPS

1½ cups sifted flour	½ cup "Domestic" Shortening
1 teaspoon baking powder	2 tablespoons ice water
1 teaspoon salt	1 cup grated "Maple Leaf"
1 teaspoon paprika	Nippy Cheese
¼ teaspoon dry mustard	1 egg white
Dash of cayenne	Chopped nuts or desiccated coconut

Method: Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt, paprika, mustard and cayenne. Cut in cold "Domestic" Shortening (using two table knives) until shortening pieces are the size of peas, with a few pieces larger. Sprinkle ice water gradually over the mixture, always adding it in a place which has not been moistened previously. Work pastry into a ball and roll out thinly, using a light, outward motion. Sprinkle with about ½ of the cheese and fold pastry in half. Roll out again, sprinkle with cheese, fold and repeat. Roll out ⅛" thick and cut with cookie cutter. Place on ungreased baking sheet. Brush tops lightly with unbeaten egg white and sprinkle with chopped nuts or coconut. Bake at 425°F. for 12 minutes. Yield: 2 dozen 2" cookies.

THIS MONTH, ANOTHER \$100.00 FIRST PRIZE will be awarded for the best recipe or way of serving

"YORK" BOLOGNA

There's such an unlimited variety in the way you can use this wholesome, good-to-eat meat—which you can buy in either round or square-shaped tin—that I know every one of you has some special trick for serving it. Maybe it's a mouth-watering, hot-from-the-grill number; perhaps an extra-special sandwich; a tasty appetizer; a tempting cold-meat-and-salad platter combination—whatever your specialty using "York" Bologna, won't you write and tell me about it? Remember, there's a \$100.00 prize for the one the judges select as "best"!

CONSOLATION PRIZES, TOO! Everyone who writes will receive from Canada Packers a voucher which may be exchanged FREE at your grocer's or butcher's for one 12 ounce can of "York" Bologna.

WE STIPULATE that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for the first prize, but we promise only ONE voucher per person. No labels required. Should the recipe chosen for First Prize be duplicated by another entry, the \$100.00 will be awarded to the first one received.

CLOSING DATE: To qualify for the \$100.00 First Prize—as well as the Free Voucher—your letter must be postmarked on or before midnight, February 28th, 1949. Winner of the First Prize will be announced in my May magazine column. It might be YOU, so be sure to watch for it!

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK,

"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,
2204 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

Have you tried this . . .

BREAD WINNER: Fruit bread, toasted, cut in fingers, and spread lightly with apricot conserve, is a tea-time item worth talking about.

PARTY LINE: A dime-store egg-timer hung on the wall near the 'phone is a handy reminder for extra-busy days—and expensive long-distance calls.

SANDWICHERY: Mix softened "Maple Leaf" Canadian Cheese with a bit of mayonnaise and sweet pickle relish. Spread between Boston Brown Bread slices and you've really got something!

Once again, it's time to say "Cheerio." I'll be looking for your ideas for serving "York" Bologna, so be sure to get your letter posted before midnight, February 28th, won't you? Meanwhile, good luck, all.

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

CLEAN SLATE? A large-sized slate hung on the kitchen wall is indispensable for shopping items; instructions to the young fry; chore reminders for "the boss".

EYE-OPENER: If you would tickle the early bird, try replacing the usual cream with a tablespoon of lemon juice and a pinch of dry mustard for each two eggs to be scrambled.

PARTY-STARTER: Cut bread in fingers. Brush with mixture of 2 tablespoons melted butter and 1 beaten egg. Got it? Now roll in grated "Maple Leaf" Nippy Cheese and brown lightly under the broiler. Make lots!

TEMPERATURE
CONTROL

OUTSIDE SURFACE

INSIDE SURFACE

GASKET

Good Grooming

For Your Refrigerator

By Jacqueline Roy

IF YOU have a new refrigerator you'll want to keep it looking that way. If you have an old model, you'll want to keep it in the best condition possible until you get a new one. You can accomplish this by following these suggestions on good grooming for your refrigerator.

Mechanical Refrigerators

CLEANING THE OUTSIDE surfaces—Wash with mild soapsuds and warm water and rinse with clear warm water. The metal trim only needs to be washed with warm water. Polish with a clean dry cloth. (Never use abrasives on enamel or metal.)

CLEANING THE INSIDE—Wipe with a solution of 2 tablespoons baking soda to 1 quart of warm water. This keeps the inside sweet and clean. Don't forget to give the shelves this same beauty treatment. When food is spilled in the freezer it should be wiped up at once to avoid staining.

CLEANING THE RUBBER gasket around the refrigerator door—Wash with only clear warm water. Soap causes the rubber to deteriorate in time. Be sure to wipe up any food spilled on the rubber, especially fats, as this also injures the rubber.

TEMPERATURE CONTROL—Frost or ice on the freezing unit acts as insulation, thus lowering its efficiency and increasing operation costs, so don't let more than ¼ inch collect on the unit. Frost holds odors, too. Defrosting should be done about once a week.

HOW TO DEFROST. Regular method—Move control indicator to "defrost" position and remove contents from freezer, including trays of ice. Ice trays should just be rinsed out with clear water. Other methods of cleaning may injure the metal finish. When freezer is

entirely free of frost and ice (it generally takes a few hours), return temperature control to normal setting.

Fast method—Turn control indicator to "off" position and remove contents from freezer. Fill a pan with hot water and place inside freezer. It may be necessary to refill the pan with hot water once or twice. As soon as the frost is melted, remove the pan of water and reset the temperature control at normal operating position. Ice trays may be used instead of the pan, but you should be careful to use warm, not hot water. Continued use of hot water may damage the finish of the trays. Never use a sharp instrument to remove the ice; allow ice to come off by itself.

Ice Refrigerators

CLEANING THE OUTSIDE—The same good regular care is needed here too. Use mild soapsuds and warm water, then rinse with clear warm water.

CLEANING THE INSIDE—Use a solution of 2 tablespoons of baking soda to 1 quart of warm water for washing. If you have one of the modern style cabinets it isn't necessary to wash the ice compartment more than once a month. If you have an old style cabinet, the ice should be removed and all parts of the ice compartment scrubbed well once a week.

Give special attention to the drain pipe. In the new models there is a glass trap at the top of the pipe which should be removed and cleaned when soil shows on it. Use lukewarm or cold water to flush out the drain pipe about once a month. In the old models the drain pipe should be flushed out with hot water every two weeks. This prevents the pipe from becoming slimy and odorous.

Don't forget to scrub the drain pan also, using the same baking soda solution as used inside.

Sparkle aplenty!



Bright housewives with a flair for doing things right don't wear themselves out scrubbing toilet bowls. They sprinkle Sani-Flush into them at least twice a week and let its chemical action do the work. Sani-Flush chases stains and invisible, germ film in a hurry. Disinfects, too.

Safe in all toilet systems—good in hard or soft water. At all grocers'. Two sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Sani-Flush

GET TWO CANS FOR CONVENIENCE



ROSEDALE

Adaptability is the keynote of this modern styling in sparkling glassware. So suited to the carefree atmosphere of a friendly get-together . . . yet so in keeping with the dignity of a dinner table setting!

A complete range of exquisite pieces is available to beautify your home. It looks expensive—but you'll find the prices moderate.

Ask for Monogram Decorative Glassware at your department, gift or specialty store.

THE MONOGRAM GLASS COMPANY OF CANADA LTD.
20 Wellington St. West, Toronto

MONOGRAM
Decorative Glassware

Fall For Me

Continued from page 9

"while the first ecstatic greeting takes place. When the gooey part is over, come and get me. And try not to sparkle so. You look like a frightened glowworm."

"That's the way I feel," Berit said, and departed. Ten minutes later she joined him at the bar. "I saw Ricky," she explained mournfully, "but he didn't see me. He was busy talking to the press."

"The photographic department, no doubt," said George. "Probably so busy discussing himself that he's forgotten all about your rendezvous."

Berit sighed. "Stop talking like a soap opera. Maybe I shouldn't have brought you. You don't understand a man like Ricky. Are you going to stand around being critical?"

"Heaven forbid," George said fervently. "Not openly anyway. I know what side my bread is buttered on. What'll you have?"

"Just a coke."

George ordered and turned back to her. "A toast to the mighty Redding," he proposed. "One of a vanishing race of dauntless daredevils. 'Shortcut Through India'—he polished off a man-eating tiger without benefit of a gun. 'Jungle Jaunt'—he quelled a native uprising. 'Pacific Prelude'—he rode out a hurricane on a leaky raft. To mention but a meagre few."

"Imagine"—Berit breathed reverently—"that's my hero you're talking about! That's the guy I love. Oh, I hope—I hope—I hope he falls for me."

"Who do you hope falls for you, you lovely thing?"

Berit's head jerked up and her eyes flew to the mirror over the bar. Ricky was standing behind her. Dashing Ricky Redding, tall and dark and every bit as handsome as on the covers of his books. He smiled and she tumbled backward into his outstretched arms.

"On the subject of sweethearts kissing in public," George said after a few minutes, "I preserve an open mind. I wouldn't keep clearing my throat like this if it weren't that people are staring. Or maybe some types prefer publicity with their romance."

"I'd have known you anywhere," Ricky said, releasing her. "Dream girl. You're just as I imagined."

"That's what you think," Berit said mentally. Aloud, "I'd have known you too," she said breathlessly. "But then of course your picture is all over the place. We were just talking about you. George and I."

"Who's George?"

"George MacIlvane. He's your Canadian publisher."

Ricky grabbed George's hand and pumped it with enthusiasm. "Glad to meet you, MacIlvane," Ricky boomed. "I've always wanted to meet the man who publishes my books."

"The pleasure is mutual," George stated. "I've always wanted to meet the man who writes them."

"Well. Yes, indeed," Ricky slid onto a stool beside them. "This is better than letters, eh, beautiful?" His eyes tabulated Berit's adequate curves appreciatively. "Let's go up to the Roof Garden. I want to dance with you. Why don't you join us, MacIlvane?"

"Don't think so," George flicked his

You bet MY TUB SPARKLES!



I use the cleanser that's FAST! EASY! SAFE!

Why dull the shine on your bathtub with dirt-catching scratches—when Bon Ami cleans so fast without scratchy grit? This fine, white cleanser lifts dirt off so quickly and with so little work. No hard rubbing. No harsh caustics to roughen your hands.

And Bon Ami polishes as it cleans. Sinks, bathtubs, basins, tiling are left with a brilliant lustre. Try Bon Ami today. Give your bathtub a real sparkle with the cleanser that's fast, easy, safe.

Two convenient forms: Choose either Bon Ami Powder in the sifter-top can or the handy, long-lasting Bon Ami Cake.

BON AMI

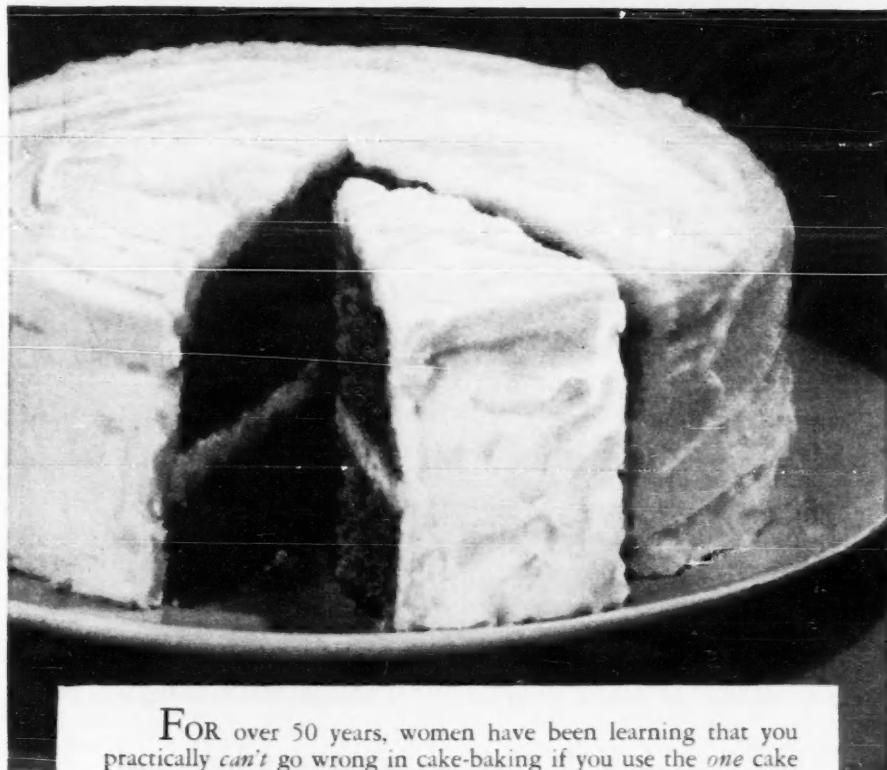
"hasn't
scratched yet!"



MADE IN CANADA

CAKES ARE BETTER

MADE WITH CAKE FLOUR FROM SPECIALISTS



FOR over 50 years, women have been learning that you practically *can't* go wrong in cake-baking if you use the *one* cake flour brought to you by cake flour specialists! *Cake flour* is our business. For over two generations, Swans Down people have been *trained* in the selecting of fine, soft wheat, in "Controlled Milling", in silk-sifting, in cake-baking and cake-testing.

Beginner or expert—you can't *help* getting better results with Swans Down. And you play safe—you protect your other cake ingredients—when you use this flour made by exclusive makers of cake flour, expressly for cakes.

SPICY PRUNE CAKE*

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour | ½ cup butter or other shortening |
| ¾ teaspoon Calumet Baking Powder | 1½ cups sugar |
| 1 teaspoon baking soda | 2 eggs, well beaten |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | 1 cup cooked prunes, seeded and coarsely cut |
| 1 teaspoon (each) cloves, allspice and cinnamon | 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk |

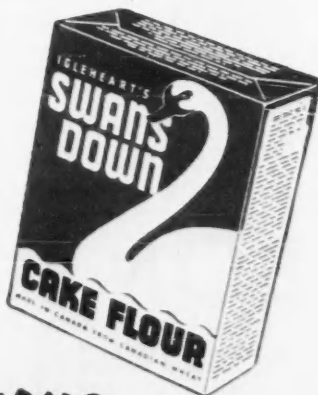
Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, salt and spices; sift three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually; cream until light. Add eggs and prune pulp. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time; beat well after each addition. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Grand filled and covered with a tart lemon frosting. Or use the Orange Mist Frosting on page 76 of "Learn to Bake—You'll Love It" . . . see book offer below.

*There are tested recipes for *eight* wonderful cakes on the Swans Down package—you'll want to try them all.

New Book

"LEARN TO BAKE—YOU'LL LOVE IT"

80 pages of recipes for delightful cakes, cookies, frostings, desserts, pastries. Attractive color photographs. Send 20¢ in coin, postal note or stamps, with your name and address, to Dept. 46J, General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.



Swans Down

CAKE FLOUR

Brought to you
by exclusive makers
of cake flour

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fingers at an out-of-season fly. "Not much interested in that sort of thing. Besides, judging by the aura around you two people, I'd be superfluous baggage."

THE AURA lasted through a detailed account of Ricky's most recent trip. It lasted through George's departure and the subsequent dinner-a-deux at the Roof Garden. It lasted, in fact, until Berit, manufacturing scintillating conversation, unwittingly introduced the subject of sports.

"What did you do on the boat coming over?" she asked.

"I played badminton," Ricky said promptly. "You like badminton? You never mentioned it in your letters."

"Sure," Berit said warily. "Badminton. I love it."

"That's fine," Ricky said with satisfaction, "because so do I. I've got to get some new birds. Smashed my old ones all to pieces."

Berit's all-embracing love of the underdog popped to the fore. "I don't think that would be any fun," she stated. "The poor little things."

"What things?"

"The birds."

"Oh," Ricky's scowl evaporated. "You're joking. For a minute I thought you meant it."

Berit, aware of a faux pas, bit her tongue and groped for a conversational safety zone. "What are you going to write about next?" she asked.

"I don't know," Ricky looked unhappy. "I haven't decided. There isn't much left to explore," he remarked somewhat pathetically. "The world is getting to be the size of a pin head."

"Progress," Berit said. "Of course you could always take a rocket trip to Mars." She clamped her lips shut. Flippancy. Definitely not the right note. A girl should reserve a stock of adulation for her dream man. "Ricky," she adulated, "you're the first celebrity I've ever dated."

"You'll get used to it," Ricky said blandly. "You'll probably become as proficient at stealing scenes as you are at stealing hearts."

Berit's pulses leaped. "Hearts," she repeated, and paused. "Whose heart, Ricky?" she fished subtly.

"Whose do you suppose?" Ricky asked. "Who—" He broke off and his blue eyes popped. "I say, here comes MacIlvane. And brother—would you look at what's with him!"

Berit followed his gaze and her jaw sagged open. George was coming toward them with a girl in tow.

"It's Glin Hallister," Berit said. "The actress. The one they have in all the face soap ads."

"No wonder people buy soap," Ricky chortled, and leaped to his feet. "Hello, MacIlvane. Glad you changed your mind."

George, beaming fatuously, introduced the shimmering blond vision at his side. "You wanted to meet an author with muscles," George said. "Here he is."

"I must be dreaming," the vision purred to Ricky. "I can't believe it. All this and grey matter too. Well, I've always wanted to dance with a travelogue. Come."

Ricky went. George sank into his empty chair.

"Aren't the Xyleborus beautiful tonight?" said George.

"You!" Berit hissed. "You skunk!"

I HATE TO CLEAN TOILETS!



You don't have to, lady—that's a job for Gillett's Lye. All you have to do is shake in Gillett's Lye full-strength . . . flush . . . the job's done! Ugly stains, incrustations vanish—bowl is gleaming—clean and odorless. It's easy as that!

Gillett's Lye makes short work of all household clean-up jobs. Cuts through grease-clogged drains—keeps them running free.

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats water.



Wear it proudly . . .

There's a tang of Scottish Mountain air in Harris Tweed that fills the expatriate Scot with nostalgia. Its tones and hues reflect the mists, the heather and the skies of the Outer Hebrides. In these isles the Crofters weave Harris Tweed on hand looms from virgin Scottish Wool.



Look for the mark on the cloth
Look for the label on the garment

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Moral support—bah! You did it deliberately.”

“Did what?”

“Don’t play dumb. You have guilt sticking out all over you.” She waved a scarlet-tipped hand toward the dance floor. “I suppose this is your idea of a joke—throwing Ricky to that wolf.”

“She’s not a wolf,” George protested. “She’s a nice girl. I’ve known her all my life. She’s a little spoiled, perhaps, but then she’s been living in the limelight for so long that it’s only natural for her to have developed a surplus of—uh—self-confidence. They look well together,” George added irrelevantly. “They’re the same sort. They both have spotlightitis. Let’s dance.”

George danced surprisingly well. Berit closed her eyes and gave herself up to the music. She opened them and there were Glin and Ricky waltzing cheek to cheek.

“I want to sit down,” Berit wailed. “I have a headache.”

Three dances later Glin came back to the table with Ricky padding along devotedly in the rear. “Some girl you have here,” Ricky enthused. “What a dancer! Did you see those photographers trailing us? You don’t mind, do you, Berit?”

“Mind?” Berit carolled. “Why would I mind? I’m having the time of my life.”

“That’s swell,” Ricky beamed. “You are a good little sport. How about honoring me with this waltz?”

The waltz was heaven. But short. George, cutting in, deposited Glin in Ricky’s arms. Half an hour later she was still firmly entrenched there.

“Anybody else,” Berit moaned, “I’d be mad at. But Ricky is different. You just don’t get mad at Ricky.”

AT ONE O’CLOCK she rose purposefully and draped her imitation beaver around her shoulders. “I’m going home,” she informed George. “I hope you have a hilarious time watching your handiwork.”

“I’ll drive you,” George offered promptly.

“I would prefer,” Berit snapped, “to crawl home over hot coals. Tell Ricky—tell him I was tired.” She yawned with elaborate nonchalance and headed for the elevators.

Six hours later she woke to a grey dawn and the persistent ringing of the telephone. Berit opened one eye and regarded it with hatred. When it showed signs of leaping off the table she flopped over on her stomach and reached for it. George’s voice was liquid saccharine.

“Good morning,” said George. “Get up and start packing. You are not going to plow through manuscripts today.”

“Do tell,” Berit said wanly. “Has the office burned down?”

“We’re going to the Laurentians. You and the Redding and I. I owe Redding some sort of a gesture like this. After all he’s thrown plenty of extra ducats my way.”

“I didn’t know you were so conscientious,” Berit said. “It’s touching. Oh, George,” she yelped as the full portent of the situation struck her, “he’ll find out I can’t ski! I can’t go!”

“You’ve got to go,” George said heartlessly. “This is business. The MacIvane Publishing Company is entertaining Ricky Redding and you, as a charming feminine employee, are detailed to come along and help brighten

up the scenery. I’ll call for you in half an hour.”

Berit replaced the phone and struggled out of bed. She opened the wardrobe and unearthed the long woolies and the picturesque ski togs she had purchased last winter—because they were reduced to clear and certainly not because she had had any intention of putting them to their intended use. By the time the doorbell rang she had packed and dressed. She opened the door and there was George examining the contents of a long green florist’s box with considerable interest.

“Flowers,” George said, holding one up experimentally. “For you. There’s a card. It says, ‘Exotic blooms for the lovely thief who stole my heart. Ricky.’” George studied the flowers with distaste. “Author-stuff. These must have set him back a few 10-spots. Awful, aren’t they?”

“Isn’t it wonderful,” Berit commented, “the way some people don’t worry about opening other people’s flowers. I think they’re beautiful.”

“And I think—” George touched one of her tawny curls tentatively. “Never mind what I think. Park these weeds with the janitor and let’s be off.”

Ricky, splendidly arrayed in ski slacks and a fur-lined parka, was waiting at the airport. Glin was waiting, too.

“Surprise!” Glin yodeled, spying them. “I’m coming along. George invited me.”

“George would,” Berit muttered. “Ricky, there’s a limit to the amount of baggage you can take. Where are your skis?”

“Skis,” Ricky looked dumfounded. “I forgot to get a pair. I knew there was something.”

“Never mind,” George said. “I have enough for everybody. Come on, all aboard.”

“They clambered into the plane. Berit, making a beeline for the seat beside Ricky, was forestalled by Glin heading in the same general direction. The race went, as usual, to the more experienced.

“I’m monopolizing this genius,” Glin said sweetly as she collapsed beside the gentleman in question. “I hope you don’t mind, Berit. Berit,” she added pensively. “That’s a funny name. But then I suppose you just have to grin and bear it.”

“It’s an old Scandinavian name,” Berit said stiffly. “It’s what I was christened. Seems to me I read somewhere that you were christened Emma Maud Jones.”

“Touché,” Glin said. “George, what are you reading?”

“All about the female mole,” George said from behind his magazine. “They say it has great difficulty in recognizing its true soul mate.”

“I didn’t know moles had soul mates,” Berit remarked, settling herself beside him, “what’s the moral to that story?”

“Must there be a moral?”

“There always is to your anecdotes.”

“Then you’ll have to figure it out for yourself. If you want to ponder on it you can borrow my shoulder.”

“I have more to do with my excess brain power,” Berit assured him. “Wake me up when we get there.”

THE LAURENTIANS were big and blue and very very cold. Berit, hopping down out of the plane, took a deep breath of the belligerently healthy air

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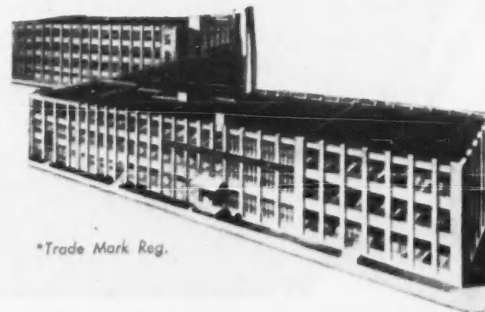
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Royal Gelatin Desserts are brimming with a fresh-from-the-orchard goodness you've never enjoyed before! Sparkling as spring, refreshing as your favorite fruits! Add appeal to your meal, a gay touch to your table, with these bright new suggestions...

APPLE FROST ... 1 pkg. Royal Gelatin Dessert (raspberry); 1 cup boiling water; 1/2 cup sugar; 1 cup milk; 1 cup strained apple sauce. Dissolve Royal in boiling water; add the sugar. Chill until thickening begins. Add milk and apple sauce. Whip until smooth and slightly frothy. Chill in bowl until firm, then place in sherbet glasses in spoonfuls. Garnish with whipped cream. 8 servings.

ALASKA COFFEE CREAM ... 1 pkg. Royal Gelatin Dessert (lemon); 2 cups strong Chase & Sanborn Coffee; few grains salt; 3/4 cup cream, whipped; 1/2 tsp. almond extract. Dissolve Royal in hot coffee; add salt. Chill until mixture begins to thicken, then fold in whipped cream and almond extract. Chill in mould until firm. 8 servings.



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and despite the complexities of life felt her morale zooming heavenward.

"Mmmmm!" she breathed appreciatively. "That ozone!"

"Very good," Ricky agreed behind her. "Almost as good as the Tyrol. Look at all the nice little hills. Of course they look pretty insignificant after the Alps."

"Oh, look!" Berit squealed. "Cutters! I haven't ridden in one since I was a kid. Come on." She climbed into a sleigh and George and Glin followed her lead. Berit, peering around for her hero, saw that he had already collected unto himself a sizeable crowd and was busy signing autographs.

"There," said Ricky, recapping his fountain pen, "does that take care of everyone?"

"You forgot the horse," George said. Ricky looked at him suspiciously. "What do you mean?"

"To untie him," George said blandly, "so we can drive to the lodge."

Ricky approached the animal warily. "Big, isn't he?"

"He isn't big," Berit protested. "Not nearly as big as the one you rode across the desert in 'My Sahara.'"

"He's big enough," Ricky insisted, "and he has a mean face."

"I wouldn't worry about that," George said. "Horses don't eat ham."

Berit dug her elbows into his ribs. "George," she hissed in his ear, "what's got into you anyway? You're acting like a fiend."

"It's the air," George explained. "Fresh air always brings out the real me."

"Then let's have your artificial side again. It's a shade less repulsive."

The lodge was rambling and rustic in an adequately luxurious way.

"Nice," Ricky approved, surveying the comfortable lounge with satisfaction. "Nothing like the ones I visited in Switzerland, of course. If you'll excuse me I'll get cleaned up."

Berit, heading for a chair, was halted by George's hand on her arm. "Go comb your hair," he ordered, "and meet me out in front. I'll give you some tips about skiing."

"Must we?" Berit asked dismally.

George shrugged. "You want to look like a dope in front of Redding?"

"No," she sighed resignedly. "I'll meet you."

Upstairs in her room she applied fresh lipstick and eyed herself grimly in the mirror. Kelly-green ski slacks, bright suspenders, a gaily embroidered peasant blouse and to top it all off a white Hudson's Bay coat. Except for the look of mortal terror stamped on her features, the over-all effect was not bad.

"Excelsior," Berit said to the unhappy-looking image. "Quit shaking. Some people go over Niagara Falls in a barrel. What are you—a coward?"

"I sure am," the image assured her promptly. "Let's get a good book and curl up by the fire."

Berit sneered contemptuously at the craven creature and, turning, stamped out of the room.

George, looking very homespun in faded old ski slacks and a turtle-neck sweater, was waiting on the veranda. Berit joined him and gazed admiringly around at the purple bulk of the Laurentians rising in majestic splendor under a sky that looked like a bottle of ink.

"Pretty scenery," she offered. "Let's just sit here and look at it."

"Nothing doing." George took her elbow and propelled her down the steps. "You want to learn to ski, don't you?"

"Want is hardly the word," Berit groaned. "These boots weigh 15 pounds each. I feel like an elephant."

"You don't look like one," George said, and knelt in the snow before her. Berit, watching him strap the two lengths of Norwegian pine to her feet, felt better. It was nice to have a man kneeling at her feet. Even if it was only George.

"Ricky's signing autographs," she announced a little smugly. "In the lounge. I saw him as I came by. He's very popular."

"Haul down your defense mechanism," George retorted. "I didn't say anything to the contrary."

"You were thinking it."

"My my," George said admiringly. "I didn't know you could peer into the murky depths of my mind. Look a little farther and you may see something that interests you. Well, here's a nice little slope right in front of us. Let's go."

Berit took a deep breath. "Okay," she said. "Tell my heirs I went down fighting." She screwed her eyes shut and shoved.

SHE WAS an express train. She was a skyrocket. She was a jet plane eating up the atmosphere. She was everything that flies or zips or hurtles or zooms and she was, miraculously, still perpendicular. Berit ventured to open her eyes and at the same time she answered the call of gravity. She dug her way out of the mountain and looked up to see George slewing to a neat stop beside her.

"Good for you," George applauded. "You've the makings of a neat little skier. Get up and let's try it again."

They tried it again. And again and again and again. The pattern was always the same. Berit, reunited with the snowclad hill, would look up to see George whizzing by with infuriating perfection. On the tenth such try she conceived a spark of inspiration.

"Get thee behind me, Satan," Berit said firmly, but the spark only burned more brightly. With a sudden movement she grabbed a ski pole and flung it across the trail. George saw the barricade and tried desperately to swerve, but it was too late. His skis hit the outflung pole and George, the invulnerable, executed a series of neat little somersaults and ended up full length in the snow. Berit propped her chin in her hands and grinned at him.

"You look," she said with relish, "like an outraged rooster."

George looked up slowly. "You did that purposely," he charged.

"An impulse," Berit agreed amiably. "Never curb them. Psychology."

"I see," George eyed her piercingly. "Suppose I were to have an impulse. Suppose I were to experience an uncontrollable desire to kiss you." He leaned toward her. "I would naturally go ahead and kiss you."

Berit closed her eyes and tensed herself for the unwelcome embrace. Instead she found her face being buried firmly in a snowbank. She emerged, furious, to find George contemplating her with satisfaction.

"So much," George said, "for psychology. Here comes Glin. Take the snow out of your ears and go pry your beloved from the hearth."

Continued on page 67

Chatelaine PRESENTS



Design courtesy Architects Home Plan Institute.

Formula for Building

by **John Caulfield Smith**
Home Planning Editor

BUILD A HOUSE in '49? Yes, if you really need one and can afford it. Costs seem stabilized at last, and it may be some time before they show appreciable decline.

The supply situation, as regards materials and labor, is vastly improved. Encouraging increases continue to be recorded in the production of materials, and employment in the building trades reached an all-time high last year. At the same time, a drop in the amount of factory construction makes more materials and labor available for house building.

The improved supply situation has reduced the time required for construction. It may result in contractors returning to the practice of committing themselves to a fixed price and definite completion date in building a house. Since the war they've preferred to operate on a cost-plus basis without promising when the work would be finished.

The cost of building, however, is not apt to fall much below its present level. One reason is the tremendous demand for housing. Our construction program, though of record proportions, is merely keeping pace with the rate at which new families are being formed. The vast backlog of unbuilt houses created during the depression and war years remains untouched.

Stabilized costs plus more supplies equals a good year to build! +



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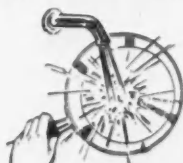
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N. A. Armstrong & Son, Architects.

The Newest Look

YOU can't imagine anyone making a slipcover of some pretty fabric and then having a chair built to fit it; or designing a handsome dog-house . . . and then going shopping for a matched dog? Sounds awfully silly, doesn't it?

Yet a surprising number of houses are designed in just this way. They're conceived from the outside in, not—as they should be—from the inside out! Their plans are imprisoned in the strait jacket of fanciful ideas of what the exterior should look like. Consequently they don't minister to the needs of the family occupying them with anything like satisfactory efficiency.

The newest look in houses is the result of a protest; a protest made by modern architecture against illogical design!

All architecture is modern in the sense that it is contemporary when erected, but "modern architecture" is far more than this. It's an attempt to recapture the spirit of design that resulted in creation of so many great buildings in the past. It aims at re-establishment of the tradition that existed before we became preoccupied with period styles for their own sakes. A tradition that the architecture of a certain era should express that era.

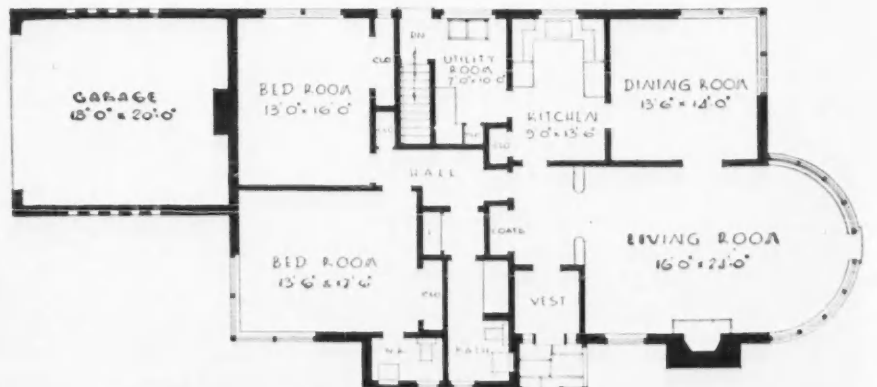
On this basis it's apparent that modern architecture is not new at all.

In fact, it's obvious that to copy the characteristic features of old houses, without understanding or respecting them, is to deny their inspiration. The Georgian architect's client did not, for instance, say, "Design my residence in the Early Briton or Late Saxon manner." No; he wanted the most up-to-date house he could get. And because the architect interpreted his wishes in terms of the materials and methods then available, Georgian dwellings were charmingly appropriate for their day.

We'd hate to find ourselves living in the Georgian period. We'd be pretty miserable with no surgeon but the barber, highwaymen on every road, and the only bathtub in the country reserved for the King. But we pretend we'd like it by copying the houses that were built then.

Admitting this, isn't it time we stopped kidding ourselves? Shouldn't we start developing a 20th-century form of shelter instead of trying to fit our habits and tastes into a 17th—or even 18th—century mold? The alternative to building a period house is to erect a modern one. And while there's no foolproof formula for assessing the measure of success achieved by the design of any individual house, there are basic standards which may be employed.

First in importance is the way in



Perfectly suited to today's living needs—a description that fits both these high-styled, low-slung houses! Plans are all-on-one-floor, boast free-flowing spaciousness and ample storage space. Exteriors are notable for their sturdy composition, large windows and clever use of materials.



in Houses



N. A. Armstrong & Son, Architects.

which the plan accommodates the necessities and pleasures of the family living in the house. Are the rooms the right size for their respective purposes? Are they wisely located, not only in their relationship to one another but with respect to the outdoors? Whether the layout is compact or rambling, whether the rooms open into one another or are partitioned off—these are matters which can only be decided by the particular family in-

volved, and are of premier importance.

The construction materials should be in keeping with the residential character of the building. They should be used economically and in as simple a fashion as is consistent with recognized safety factors. The house should not strive for bizarre effect. The structural frame, the materials which cover it, and the mechanical equipment should be integrated by the plan. It doesn't matter much if the windows are large or small, the roof flat or pitched, provided the choice made represents the desires of the family, the opportunities presented by the rooms, and the natural features of the site.

The standards which apply in judging the external appearance of a house are the proportions of its various parts, the relationship between its wall solids and openings, and the suitability of its domestic architectural character.

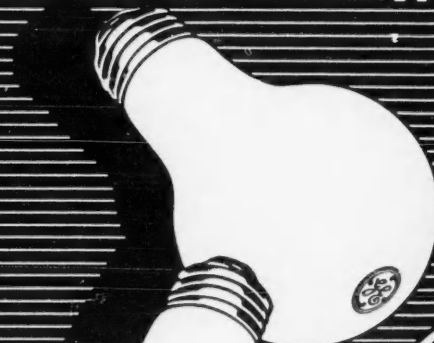
Above the necessity for proper use of materials, structural economy and appropriate appearance, the primary requirement must be restated: does the plan satisfy the working and spare-time needs of the family for which it's intended? There's little doubt that a truly modern house is likely to do so. And in addition to being easy to maintain and keep clean, a dwelling with the newest look is ageless in design. +



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MAYBE "a man's reach should exceed his grasp," but not in building a house. If his house costs more than he can afford to pay, he'll be in for a lengthy period of financial inconvenience, worry and unhappiness. No family should spend more than twice the annual income of its chief breadwinner on a house. An exception to the rule occurs in the case of families whose living expenses are less than normal. Then the house can cost as much as two and a half times the annual income.

Of the total investment, the lot usually represents from 10 to 20%, the house from 70 to 80%, and miscellaneous expenditures about 10%. These figures make no provision for furnishings or furniture. Neither do they include the cost of movable equipment such as a refrigerator, range or washing machine. These items must be budgeted for separately.

What to Look for in a Lot

Whether you plan to live in the city, suburbs or country, your lot will tie you to a certain environment for many years to come. Choose it wisely. Don't buy a lot till you're sure of a dependable water supply, electricity, and some method of sewage disposal. The location of your homesite should be considered in relation to jobs, schools and stores. Is there an adequate transportation system? Will taxes on the property be reasonable? Do building restrictions protect it from business encroachments?

The ideal lot is usually considered to be on the south side of an east-west street, with a minimum frontage of 50 feet. Lots needn't be perfectly level, but those which are rocky, poorly drained or require special foundations should be avoided. Development costs may turn what appears to be a cheap lot into a mighty expensive bargain.

Don't sign an offer to purchase, or part with any money, until the lending institution from which you hope to get a mortgage approves the location. Talking the deal over with a lawyer is also a wise precaution. His small fee may save you serious disappointment, not to mention financial loss.

What to Know About Design

The size of your house is determined by the amount of money you can safely spend on its construction. Let's assume it's around \$7,500. Simply divide this figure by the prevailing cost per cubic foot of building in your chosen district, thus obtaining the cubical contents of the house. Dividing the cubical contents by the height gives you the floor area.

If you have an architect, it's up to him to arrange this area in the most attractive and convenient way. Try to formulate an understanding of your family's needs and tastes before you approach him. And give him a relatively free hand. Don't insist too vigorously on what you think the outside should look like. Be satisfied to let the architect evolve it as a natural, honest expression of the plans.

u should know



Economy is today's watchword in design but, even so, you're entitled to have one or two pet ideas of a "luxury" nature incorporated into your house. They're good for the spirit.

An architect is paid on the basis of the complete or partial services you ask him to provide. If you don't have an architect, you'll be interested to learn that stock plans and specifications may be purchased at any of the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation offices in principal cities. A nominal price is charged.

A Word Concerning Materials

Your choice of building materials and methods will be guided by the local construction code and the requirements of the lending institution from which you obtain your mortgage. Items of standard type and size are always more economical than custom-tailored ones. If alternatives are offered, spend a little more in order to buy quality. Over a long period of time you save the maintenance cost of the inferior product while enjoying the use of the superior one. You'll have no regrets if you stress such fundamentals as good heating, thorough insulation and adequate wiring.

What to Do About a Builder

The man to build your house should be selected because of his proved ability and good reputation. In most provinces anybody can call himself a "builder," so many + Continued on page 55

Living a Good Life with a Bad Heart



1. To look at him, you would never guess that there is anything wrong with this man's heart. He is just a bit over 50 years old, active, happy, and getting a lot of enjoyment out of life—yet he has heart disease.

Like everyone else his age, his heart had beaten about *one and three quarter billion times*. Of course it was not as strong or as adaptable to sudden de-

mands as it had been in youth, but he had no warning signs of heart trouble.

As a result of periodic medical examinations, his doctor was able to detect his impaired heart *early*, when chances for improvement are best. Today, by following his physician's advice, this man can lead a useful life of nearly normal activity.



2. He enjoys many mild forms of exercise, but carefully avoids any *overexertion* which might further strain his weakened heart.



3. By eating moderately, he lightens the work of his heart during digestion. This helps to avoid overweight, which is always a burden for the heart.



4. He is able to carry on his daily work, but allows plenty of time for sleep and rest. His heart then will have a chance to rest, too.



5. He maintains a calm and cheerful outlook, for his doctor explained that fear, worry, or nervousness might make his condition more serious.

MEDICAL SCIENCE has made many advances in treating heart ailments and more research than ever is being done on these diseases.

Participating in this great work is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life insurance companies in Canada and the United States, which is devoting all its resources to studies of this problem.

For other helpful information about heart disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 29-L, entitled, "Your Heart."

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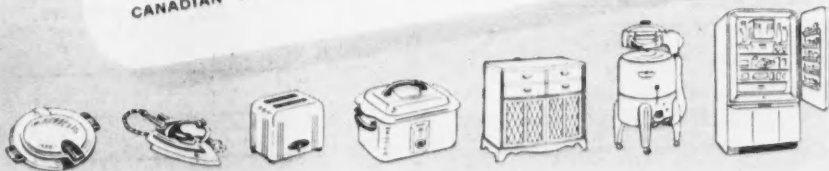
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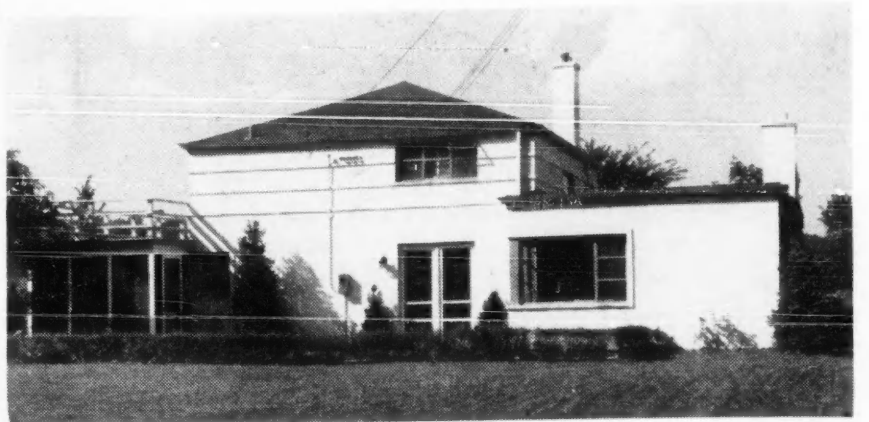
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Foundations and Walls

INSIST on a sturdy foundation. Everyone recalls what happened to the house of a certain Biblical character when the rains came! Foundation walls are usually poured concrete or concrete block. The wall is erected on top of a concrete footing, or slab, that's wider than the wall in order to spread its weight over a larger area. In soil apt to hold water, drainage tile should be laid on the outside of the footing and connected to the house sewer. Some method of disposing of rainwater from the roof should also be provided.

Waterproofing is essential for foundation walls. In the case of poured concrete, a waterproofing compound is added to the concrete when it is mixed. As an alternative—and this applies to concrete block walls as well—the top of the footing and the exterior face of the wall can be mopped with pitch. Sometimes fabric is laid in the pitch to give additional protection. Waterproof plaster or paint can also be used to treat foundation walls.

Selection of materials for use in walls above grade is made from a lengthy list. Just as some clothes become certain women so some materials are more appropriate for certain houses than others. Choose a material that won't punish your pocketbook. Rather than specify an expensive material for the front and a cheap one for the back and sides use a moderately priced material throughout.

Exterior walls may be masonry or frame. The Cinderella of the masonry field is concrete block. It was long neglected in favor of its glamorous sisters, stone and brick. Now it's used, not only for foundation walls, but for constructing the entire house. Concrete blocks are strong, permanent and fireproof. Best of all, they're not costly. Paint or stucco finishes them attractively.

Concrete slabs that are cast in a factory, then delivered to the building site, recently made their appearance. Glass blocks are also relatively new. They play an important role in residential design by transmitting light while preserving privacy and hiding unpleasant views.

Frame walls may be faced with a veneer of stone or brick, or with any number of other surfacing materials. Siding, for instance, may be wood, aluminum or insulating fibreboard.

Shingles may be wood or asbestos. The latter are durable, fireproof and require no upkeep. Stucco and artificial stone are other alternatives. These materials can be employed to give old walls a further lease on life as well as in new construction.

Plaster remains popular for interior walls and ceilings, though "dry-wall" materials offer a considerable saving in time. Plywood yields a rich panelled effect. A multitude of wallboards manufactured from wood fibres pressed to various thicknesses are also available. They're readily cut, fitted and nailed.

Asbestos boards deserve mention as well. They're especially adapted for use in rooms where water or steam conditions occur. One type has a colorful finish. It is hard and moisture-proof and never requires painting.

Numerous types of tile also exist for application in kitchens, laundries, bathrooms and powder rooms. Ceramic tile is the best known and is highly prized for its beauty, durability and cleanliness. Its lustrous brightness bestows a touch of cheer in every room where it is used. And you needn't be a Lazy Susan to appreciate that wiping with a damp cloth is all that's required to keep it spotless!

The Roof

DID YOU know that the labor cost of applying inferior roofing can be as much as for good roofing? Insist, therefore, on quality materials whether you're reroofing an existing house or roofing a new one. You'll save money in the long run.

The slope of a roof largely determines what materials can be used satisfactorily to cover it. Built-up roofing is best for flat roofs. Sloping roofs call for shingles, roll roofing or metal sheeting.

Shingled roofs possess an advantage in that they can be easily patched. The shingles may be wood—invariably cedar—asphalt, asbestos or metal. Tile and slate are seldom employed except on the most expensive roofs.

Asphalt shingles, available in a beautiful range of colors and patterns, give a roof personality. They're fire-resistant and long-lived. Asphalt roll roofing offers similar qualities at less cost. Asbestos shingles present a pleasing choice of colors, are fireproof and very durable.

While metal is used to some extent in shingle form, its chief application is in large sheets. The sheets are laid with

standing or ribbed seams to provide for expansion and contraction of the metal. Galvanized iron, copper and aluminum are employed.

Built-up roofing consists of successive moppings of asphalt or pitch on which felt paper is laid. The finished surface may be plain or covered with gravel. Installing a rim around the edge of a flat roof enables it to hold a thin sheet of water in summer. Evaporation of the water cools the house.

A roof is only as good as its flashings. Flashings are strips of metal placed at vulnerable places, such as the junction of the chimney with the roof, to prevent water penetration. Rustproof metal is advised for flashings, likewise for eaves-trough and downpipes.



Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Ltd.
Inset colored strips add zest to a linoleum floor.

Flooring

THE FLOORING in your home is one of its most prominent features. It should be attractive, durable and easy to maintain.

Hardwood floors are highly regarded by many people. Oak, maple, birch and fir are popular. Of these, oak probably gives the most luxurious effect. It is available in strips and blocks. Strips are narrow, individual boards, whereas blocks are about a foot square. They're constructed of individual boards fastened together. Each block is laid so its grain runs at right angles to that of the blocks surrounding it. The result is quite dramatic.

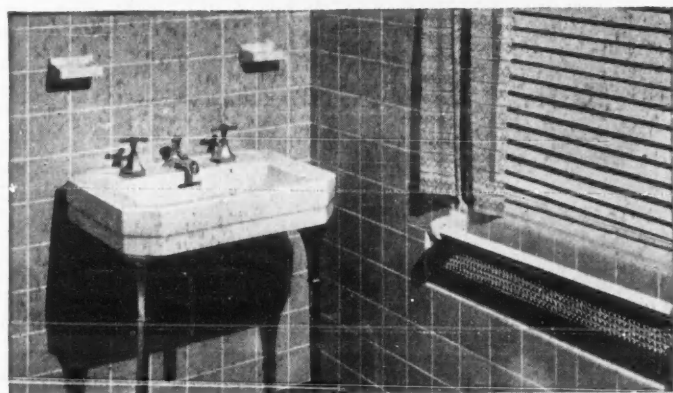
Linoleum, long familiar on the floors of vestibules, kitchens, laundries, bathrooms and powder rooms, is frequently featured in every room of the modern house. Kind to the feet, it's a colorful,

long-lasting floor covering. Various thicknesses are available. It may be laid in rolls or in the form of tiles.

Asphalt tile presents another medium for creating distinctive floors. It comes in a wide range of colors, offering plain shades and marbled effects. Asphalt tile can be used anywhere linoleum can be used and, in addition, is especially suitable for application on concrete floors that are in direct contact with the ground.

Plastic and rubber tile are somewhat similar to linoleum and asphalt tile in appearance but, like cork tile, possess worthy characteristics of their own. Ceramic tile should also be considered when specifying flooring for your vestibule, kitchen, bathroom or any other room where water, steam or grease may be encountered. It's colorful and permanent, and the touch of a damp cloth keeps it bright and sparkling. It laughs at time and grime!

*"and it has a
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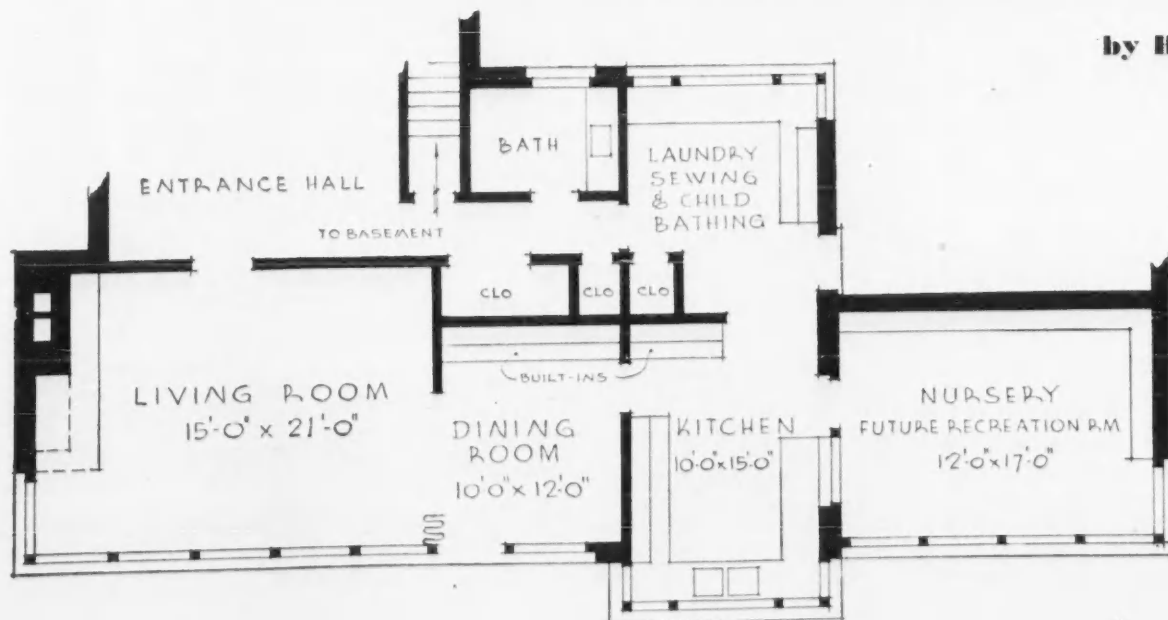
CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA 720M920





A House That Grows Up Too

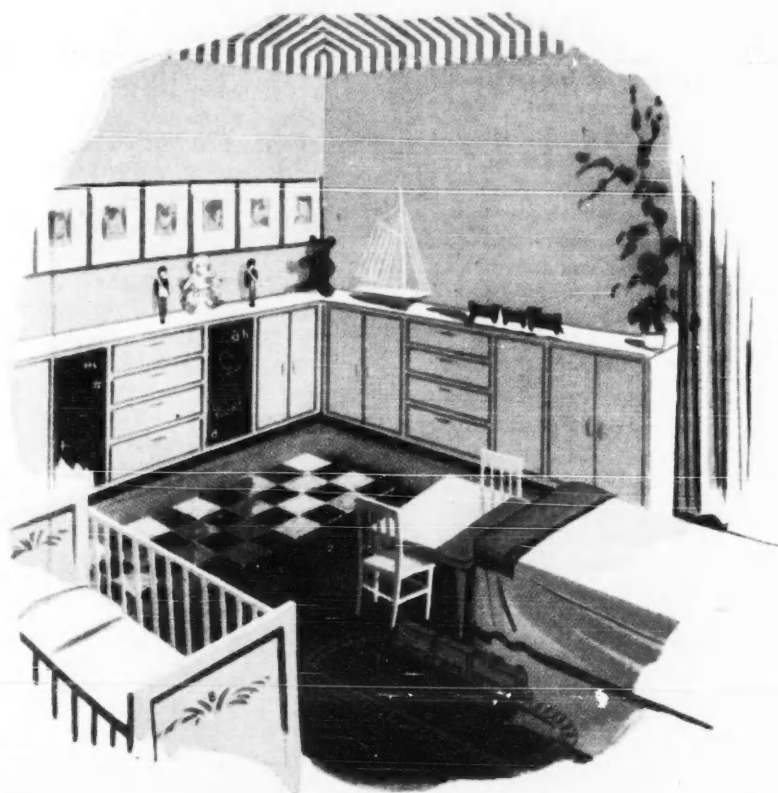
by Barbara Norris



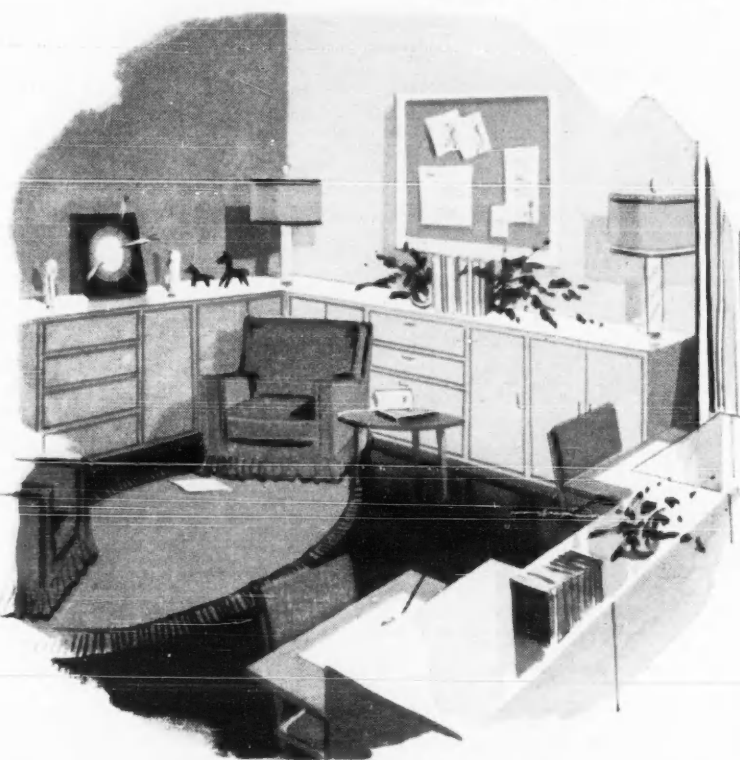
MY HUSBAND and I are planning on building, and we want a home that will grow along with Johnny, four, and Vikki, seven months. Perhaps a mother shouldn't tell an architect how to do his job, but I want a home planned completely for family living.

Today my young are in the toddling and teething periods; tomorrow they'll be members of the jelly-bean set, then teen-agers, and some 20 years hence they'll be on their own. We want the blueprints to provide for this changing family pattern. It's a tall order, but here is what we want and need.

We're relying on a "nursery" to solve our present problem—a nursery that can be altered to suit the needs of our youngsters as they grow up. When I work in the kitchen I want the children where I can see 'em. A nursery-kitchen seems the perfect answer.



The nursery today is the first of three important phases through which this special children's room, (from a design by George B. Brigham, architect, sketched by Paul Johns), will pass. Mother can watch what's going on through the wide kitchen window (opposite page) overlooking it. Note the wide toy cupboards, beds for rest periods.



Becomes the children's corner in the busy schoolday years. It's still the same bright, sunny all-washable room, but cupboards now hold games, school projects and afford permanent storage space. Desks have replaced the crib and bed, bigger chairs the baby set. It's a wonderful place for "the girls" or "the gang" to meet.

A window will connect the two rooms, so I can check to see that all is well. Later, the nursery will become the children's study and hobby centre. Ten-year-old Vikki can entertain the Grade V Busy Bees there and another day her big brother can hold forth with his chosen pals.

And for a living room, we'll take the biggest one the house will allow! It will be the meeting centre for the Junior Red Cross, my craft club, or John's business cronies. Here too the kids can enjoy records, leisure reading—or a visit with older folk.

Our plan calls for a dining room—no "nook" or "area." Those who intone that a dining room is used only an hour or two a day can't have visited around. With no dining room, where do we hold family reunion

dinners? Where do I cut dress goods? Where is John's overtime office? And when our growing children for some special reason require the living room, this separate dining room will double as an adult sitting room. And I'll shop for a dining table that folds against the wall when not in use, benches that stack, or chairs that take to a dual life.

In our plan there's space for a compact home laundry, just a step from the kitchen. None of those basement laundry rooms, thanks! Seems logical to add a sewing area here, too—and a place to scrub smudgy children.

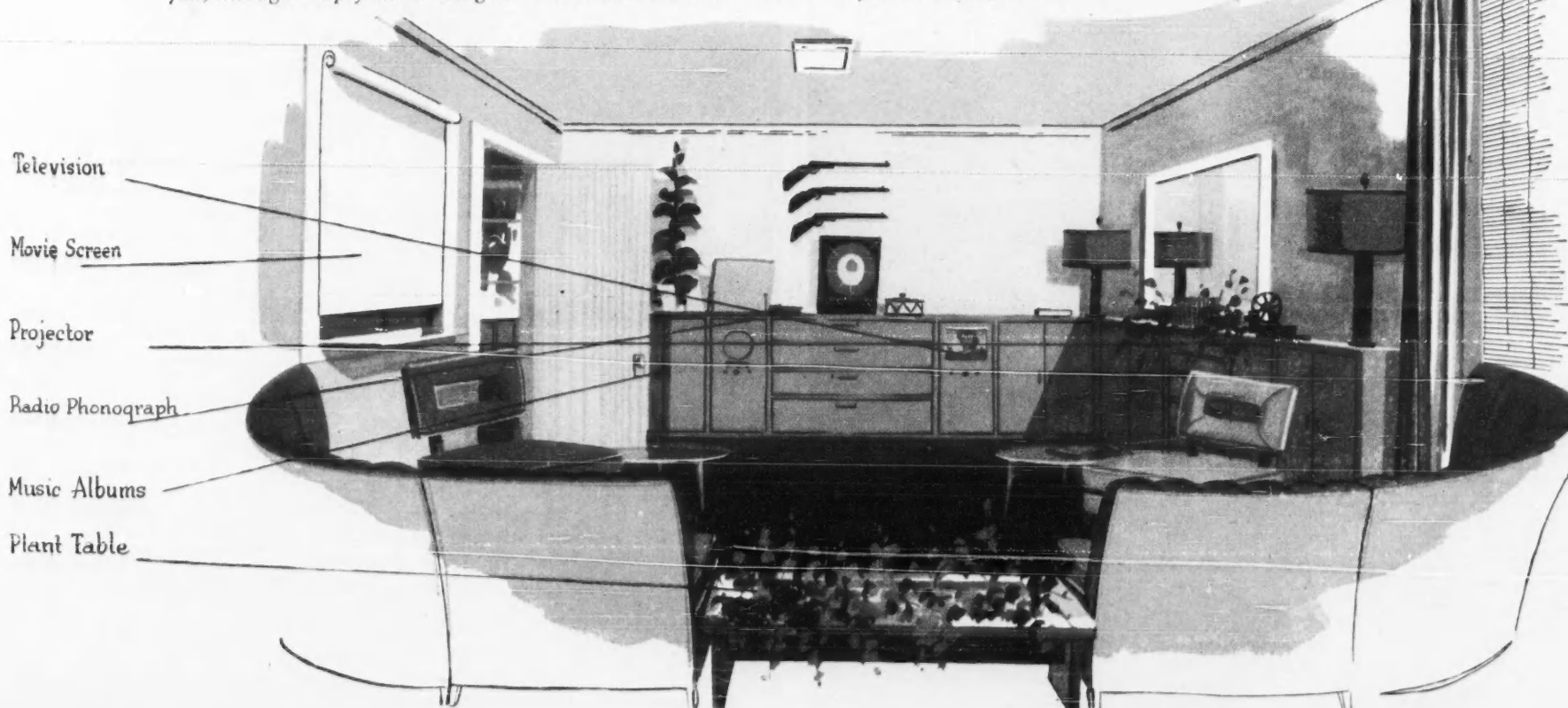
A final word. I want no steps between rooms, no matter how charming the effect. With floors on one level it's easy going for kiddy car or tea wagon . . .

and there's not that constant fear that Junior or rich old Aunt Agatha may snap a fibula.

My ideal is a one-floor home, but if this isn't economically possible, we'll plan on a no-twist stairway with wide, safe steps.

Architects, with every good intention, are still whittling down the size of the modern bathroom. So today's mother is often forced to gather a supply of towels, oil, powder, diapers, soap and blankets, tote 'em downstairs, and bath baby in the kitchen. I'll request a bathroom big enough to hold baby scales and bathinette, with enough floor space for a bench, wastebasket and adult scales. When the bathinette is no longer needed, I have my eye on that space for a smart dressing table.

And the future playroom. For now it's teen-ager haven; the room has kept pace with the family needs, and here high-schoolers have their games and music, their parties and fun, through simply-made changes. Mother and dad can "borrow" it for occasions, too.





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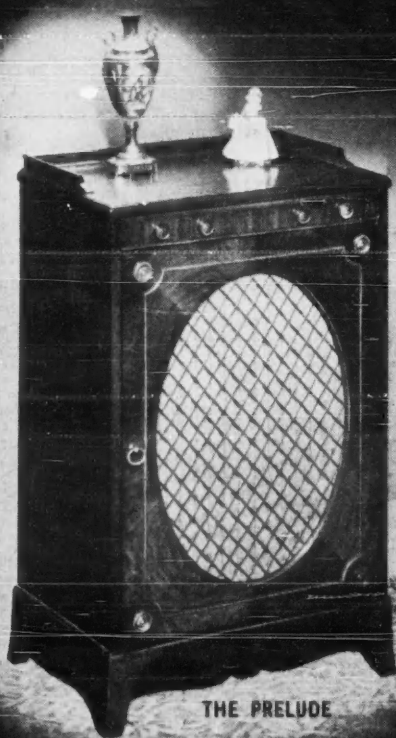
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Insulation

ONCE YOUR house has been warmed to an even temperature, the furnace's job becomes one of replacing heat transmitted to the outdoors through the building structure.

The function of insulation is to minimize this loss. With good insulation properly applied, it's possible to use a smaller heating plant, enjoy greater comfort and save fuel. It also helps cool the house in summer.

There are two main types of insulation. The first depends on the tiny, stationary air cells it contains to retard the passage of heat. Rock wool, glass fibres, vermiculite and wood fibres, to mention but a few materials, belong to this group. The second group depends on its reflective properties. Aluminum foil is an example of this kind of insulation.

Many insulating materials come in more than one form. Aluminum foil, for instance, is available as a blanket consisting of several sheets separated by air spaces or as a single sheet cemented to gypsum plaster lath. Wood fibres are fabricated into blankets or rigid boards. Vermiculite is usually granular in character, whereas rock wool and glass fibres take the form of wool, batts and rolls.

Aluminum foil and insulating batts and rolls are generally backed with a moistureproof paper known as a vapor barrier. These materials are designed for easy application between wall studs and floor joists, and are suitable for new construction and insulating the attics of existing houses. The vapor barrier must always be installed on the inside, since its purpose is to protect the finished wall from damage by condensation.

As a rule, the granular or wool types of insulation are best adapted for existing houses. They can be blown into the walls by contractors specializing in this work.

In so far as the attic's concerned, you can easily insulate this yourself. Simply



Fiberglas Canada Ltd.

Batts laid on vapor barriers
insulate top floor ceiling.

lay a vapor barrier between the floor joists and fill the space with insulation to a height of four inches or more. Remember the attic should be ventilated. Louvers in each gable provide an effective way.

Wood fibreboards possess structural stability and are frequently employed as plaster lath. Some types possess decorative charm as well. They can be used to finish the attic or other unoccupied portion of a house if extra accommodation is needed. Matching moldings can be supplied and various wall effects are possible. Another

interesting fibreboard is stamped in a pattern resembling brickwork and faced with colored granules. It's popular as an exterior siding for new and old houses.

Dormers, unheated garages and floors over unheated areas should be insulated in addition to the walls and roof. In basementless houses care must be taken to guard against heat loss if the floor is concrete laid directly on the ground. One precaution is to mix vermiculite with the concrete. Another is to install a piece of insulating material around the edges of the floor.

To do a thorough job of winterizing your house you should make sure that all wall openings are caulked, that the windows and doors are weatherstripped and fitted with storm sash and doors. Then let the north wind blow!

Wiring

IF YOU'RE like most people, you'll want to use electricity to the greatest possible extent in your new house.

Pay special attention to wiring to meet future as well as present needs. It's far cheaper and more convenient to do this during the course of construction than to wait till the building's finished. And remember, a large number of convenience outlets doesn't necessarily mean that the wiring is adequate. Branch circuits of proper capacity must be provided or the outlets will be of little value. Figure on a couple of spare circuits for future use.

There are three types of lighting: general, utility and decorative. Each type should be co-ordinated with the others, and all considered in relation to the over-all scheme of interior design. This will result in harmony and efficiency. And, speaking of efficiency, recent developments in fluorescent lighting are worth noting. Fluorescent, as distinguished from ordinary incandescent, offers pure cool light at considerably less cost.

In addition to providing illumination, electricity ministers to the household under four other headings: convenience, comfort, leisure and health. These headings cover all appliances and equipment which depend for their operation on electric motors, heating elements or similar devices.

The convenience of electricity banishes drudgery from housework. Labor savers like the washing machine, food mixer and vacuum cleaner are old friends. Comfort results from the use of electricity for heating and ventilating equipment. Leisure is made more enjoyable by radio, television and home movies. Products ranging from electric shavers to germ-killing lamps are grouped under health.

Adequate wiring is essential if you wish to live electrically!

Plumbing

YOU CAN economize on plumbing if you relate the various rooms which it serves. Group them. Put the bathroom over the powder room, the laundry next the kitchen.

Storage space is much appreciated in the bathroom. Building the basin into the top of a wall-to-wall cabinet is one idea. The tub should be located anywhere but under a window. If it's a recess tub, it'll cost very little to install a shower over it. An alternative suggestion would be one of the new cabinet

showers. They're especially well suited for remodeling work.

Don't forget the decorative value of attractively plated, well-styled faucets and fittings. They contribute to your safety, convenience and satisfaction.

Many interesting developments have taken place in kitchen plumbing. A garbage disposal unit which is built into the sink and flushes waste down the drain is available. So are several types of dishwasher. An ingenious new sink even combines a dishwasher and a washing machine in its design. Interchangeable tubs are used. Incidentally, both monel metal and stainless steel are being increasingly employed for kitchen sinks and work surfaces.

Plumbing pipes should be big enough to meet immediate needs and those anticipated in future. The same advice applies to selection of a hot-water tank. The latest tank is a glass-lined one that's completely insulated. Pipes and tanks of rustproof metal are also on the market.

If you're building your house in the country you'll be glad to know that today's rural water systems are a far cry from the old oaken bucket. They make living in the country every bit as carefree, as regards water supply, as living in the city.

In country houses, and in many city dwellings as well, consideration should be given to installation of a water softener. Hard water wastes soap, corrodes pipes and is wearing on clothes. With an increasing number of appliances using large quantities of water, hard water should be softened to prevent damage to metal surfaces.

Heating

Our original source of heat, the sun, can help boost the temperature of your house in winter. Large windows of insulating glass, shielded by an overhanging eave, capture and hold Old Sol's rays. In summer the eave reflects them.

Warm air is one of the most reliable methods of residential heating. Metal ducts carry the air from the furnace to registers in the various rooms.

Circulation of the air is ensured either by gravity—as it cools, the air gets heavier, drops to the floor and is returned to the furnace—or by use of a blower fan. Fan, or forced circulation systems, as they're called, usually filter and humidify the air as well. Latest development in this connection is an electrostatic air cleanser that will even remove tobacco smoke!

Hot water provides another excellent method of heating houses. Steam is equally dependable, but being more expensive isn't used as often.

Either radiators or convectors may be employed as heat sources in rooms. Radiant heating is also popular. It depends on coils of pipe, concealed in the floor, ceiling or walls, to create a large heating area of uniform temperature. "Baseboard" radiators, particularly suitable for existing houses, are a variation.

Hot-water circulation is based on gravity and forced principles. If a pump is used, its cost will be offset by the smaller pipe sizes permitted. You might like to know that some boilers furnish domestic hot water the year round. And

Continued on next page

Have You Seen This NEW DISCOVERY about Hot Water?



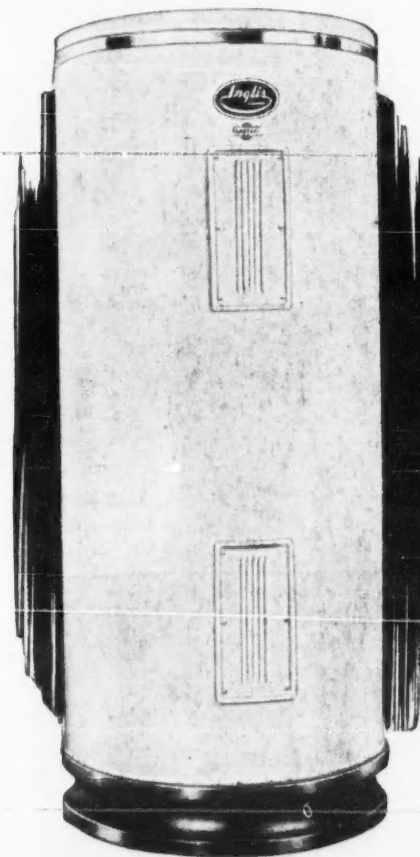
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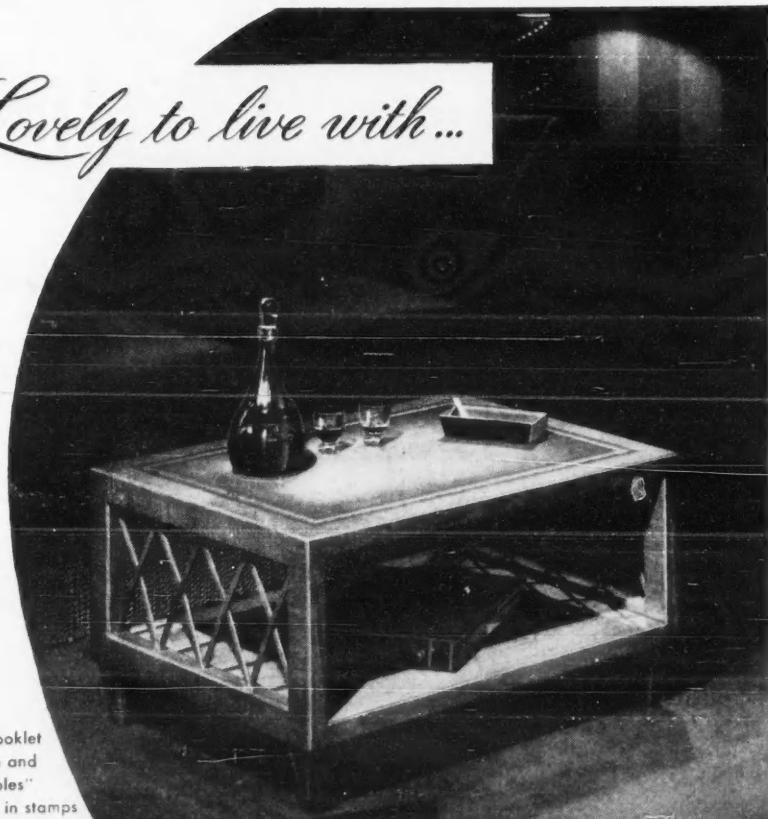
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A lovely, circular mirror in the hall doubles the welcome you offer friends. Ever so handy too, for quick primping.



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THE bright beauty of mirrors belongs in your home. Flawless reflections from sparkling mirrors will double its charm and colour. Over the mantel, in the hallway, above the dining room buffet, in any room, mirrors brighten and cheer; create an illusion of extra space.

For best results you should use the best mirrors available. And that means Hobbs Peacock Mirrors. Hobbs Peacock Mirrors are made from genuine polished plate glass, silver-sprayed for extra brilliance, longer life. You can be sure of faithful reflections, graceful designs when you choose Hobbs Peacock Mirrors. Write for free booklet and learn how to perform magic with mirrors. Hobbs Glass Limited, London, Canada.



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ASK YOUR FURNITURE DEALER OR DEPARTMENT STORE FOR HOBBS PEACOCK MIRRORS

air conditioning can be combined with hot-water heating by installing room conditioners or a separate ventilating system.

Automatic controls save fuel, contribute to winter comfort. For maximum efficiency they should be employed with a method of automatic firing. Some new furnaces and boilers have built-in oil or gas burners and coal stokers.

Hardware

FINISHING hardware has been called the "jewelry of the home." Its quality means more than beautiful styling and attractive finish. It means dependable, long-lasting operation. All hardware, including hinges, on exterior, kitchen and bathroom doors should be rustproof metal.

Dignified locksets in a variety of period and modern designs are available for exterior doors. Locks can be keyed alike so that one key will open front, back and garage doors. Choose a style for the lockset that's suitable for repetition in the interior hardware. This consistency is in good taste.

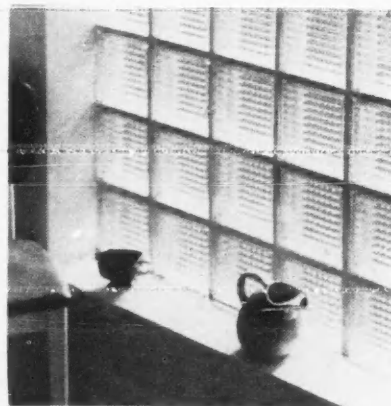
Another tip: buy the finishing hardware for your house in the early days of the building operation. You're likely to have more time and money then than you'll have later on!

Glass

INSULATING GLASS is in the news. Consisting of two or more panes separated by a layer or layers of dry, filtered air, it makes windows of undreamed-of size practical. There's no need to install storm sash on these super picture windows and, if properly located and designed, they can employ the sun's rays to help heat your house in winter.

Glass blocks are another material possessing beauty and utility. The blocks come in an assortment of patterns and sizes, are easily cleaned and rarely require repairs. They provide light while preserving privacy inside your house or masking unpleasant views outside it.

Glass blocks can be used to make clever interior partitions. An unusually



Hobbs Glass Limited

large number of textured glasses exist for the same purpose. Colored structural glass for kitchens, bathrooms, and renovations also has high decorative value. Glass may even be employed to insulate your house. It comes in the form of fibre wool and cellular blocks.

Mirrors play an important part in interior design. A mirrored wall doubles the apparent size of a room. Use mirrors generously—over fireplaces, in bathrooms, and on the backs of closet doors.

Paper and Paint

PUT color to work! Use its cheerful magic to give your background for living "sparkle plenty."

Of course, color's only part of the whole fascinating business of interior design. But what a part! You can select a color scheme for a room that will not only pep you up psychologically but completely alter the room's character.

Let's imagine you have a room that's too high. How can you reduce its



Canadian Wallpaper Manufacturers

height? One way would be to paint the ceiling a dark color. Then, to push the walls out farther, paper them in a light tone. Introduce a 2½-foot high wainscot of contrasting paper if you wish to establish the room's horizontal character beyond any doubt.

Whether your house is new or old, nothing will contribute more to its interior charm than attractive wallpaper. And the choice was never wider than it is today. Designs extend from simple polka dots to peaceful pastoral scenes. In between there's a dazzling array of striped, floral and homespun patterns. Colors range from soft pastel tones to deep rich shades. Embossing results in a multitude of textures.

In planning a decorative scheme, it's good practice to treat related rooms for harmony and separate rooms individually. A leading designer says, "Make your entrance hall gay and inviting, but dress your living room quietly, unobtrusively . . . Let its walls and ceiling serve as a setting for the furniture. The dining room may be livelier and, naturally, the kitchen *must* be bright and sunny. If natural sunlight is missing, reproduce it in color. Bedrooms, being highly individualist, may be treated any way desired. Let them be daring, monastic, feminine . . . whatever their occupants choose."

Paint remains a tried and true friend. On the outside of your house it provides a beautiful, protective covering. Inside its color and finish contribute greatly to successful decoration.

Cement paints and oil paints, each made for a particular purpose, retain their well-deserved popularity. Washable oil-bound water paints, while relative newcomers, are gaining wide acceptance. They may be applied with a roller. If you do any painting yourself, remember first to seal fresh plaster and prime new woodwork. Use enamel in kitchens, bathrooms and other places where steam and water are encountered. Don't worry too much about whether woodwork should match or contrast with walls. Either way's in good taste!

Things You Should Know

Continued from page 47

"builders" are poorly qualified. The construction of a house is probably the most important single investment you'll make in your entire life. You can be ruined by depending for its successful completion on an inexperienced or unknown person.

If you have an architect, he'll help you pick a reliable builder. Try, if you can, to get one who will undertake to do the work for a fixed price, including his profit, in preference to one who wants to do it on a cost-plus basis. The latter arrangement does not encourage economy.

Don't depend on verbal understandings with the builder. Official contract forms may be filled out either by your architect or the builder, but a lawyer should see the completed forms before you sign them. The contract should set a date for completion of the house and prescribe the manner in which the builder is to be paid. Plans and specifications are part of the contract and should be final, since the builder is entitled to charge extra for changes.

How to Arrange for Financing

Life insurance companies handle a greater volume of mortgage business than other lending institutions. They're prepared to advance both regular mortgage loans and National Housing Act loans. The latter bear a slightly lower interest rate. Both types are retired over a period of years by monthly payments made like rent. The mortgage agreement should, by the way, permit paying off the amount owing at an accelerated rate if you so desire.

The amount of money you can borrow as a mortgage is based on a percentage of the lending institution's appraised value of your house. This appraisal is less than the construction cost. While the National Housing Act theoretically offers a larger mortgage, appraisals under this legislation are so low that its advantage is materially reduced.

You must make up the difference between the appraised value and the actual cost, in addition to your down payment. Some provinces offer financial assistance in this regard. The Ontario Government, for instance, will give you a second mortgage loan on very easy terms.

Your down payment can be in the form of cash or land, or both. You pay your share of the cost first, and the lending institution advances the mortgage money as various stages in construction are reached. Expenses incurred for legal and surveying work, together with the interest charged on advances, are taken out of the last mortgage cheque you receive.

Who Checks the Construction?

It's part of the job of your architect, if you have one, and inspectors from local building department and lending institution to check construction. But the primary responsibility is yours. It's amazingly easy how the house can be wrongly located on the lot, the basement waterproofing overlooked, and similar errors and omissions occur. Investigate even the most obvious things to make sure they adhere to the plans and specifications. +

Building or Remodelling?



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A simple flick of a switch and the Automagic Clothes Washer does your family laundry... washing, rinsing, spin-drying—all in the same tub! Then a quick change of inner tubs and it washes, rinses, sanitizes... even dries your dishes!

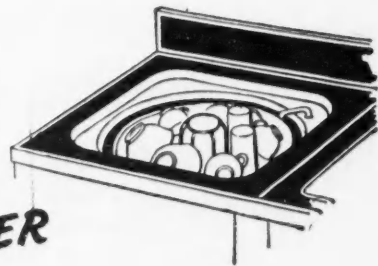
And not only does the Thor Automagic Sink take the drudgery out of clothes and dish washing, it even *saves* you money because with the Thor Automagic Sink there is no need for a separate laundry room with costly plumbing, fixtures and equipment.

Whether you are building or remodelling be sure to get the facts about the Thor Automagic Sink. A ready-to-install unit, measuring 54" x 36" x 25", it is made of steel with stainless steel trim, white baked enamel finish with white porcelain sink bowl and gleaming chrome taps.

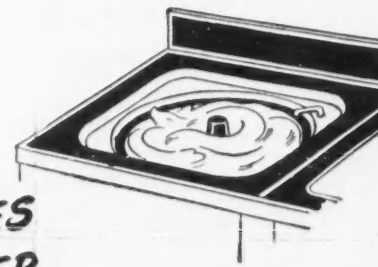


③ AS THE LAST WORD IN A
KITCHEN SINK!

① AS A
**DISH
WASHER**



② AS A
**CLOTHES
WASHER**



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Please send me, without obligation, your free literature giving complete specifications and particulars on the Thor Automagic Sink.

Name

Address



*Mirror, mirror on the wall...
is my hair fairest of them all?*

Yes—See the miracle in your own mirror!

Even on shampoo day your hair does just what you want it to—when you use wonderful Rayve Creme Shampoo! Rayve leaves your hair so silky soft, so clean and lustrous... so easy to manage. The pure lanolin in Rayve is specially blended with other important ingredients to make your hair behave!

Rayve billows into fragrant lather in the hardest water... even in cold water. It's not a soap. So its rich, active lather rinses away quickly, completely. No dulling film, no flaky dandruff remains. The perfect shampoo before and after home permanents.

To make your hair behave beautifully, use wonderful Rayve Creme Shampoo. See how Rayve, with pure lanolin, makes your hair lie softly obedient, shimmering with highlights. See this miracle in your own mirror... the very day you use Rayve.

At all drug and
cosmetic counters
in the handy tube



25¢ and 49¢

Take a Tip from the Institute

Daylight bulbs in the laundry pick out the spots and stains in dirty clothes much better than ordinary bulbs. They show up light scorches more quickly too, if you've set the iron control a little too high. Buy daylight bulbs in slightly higher wattage for the same amount of light as ordinary bulbs.

Canadian apples appear in the stores much later in the season nowadays. The refrigeration and careful handling that make this possible should be continued at home. Wrap your apples in heavily waxed paper or pack, loosely covered, in glass jars to keep them crisp and juicy. Store in the refrigerator, of course.

Sometimes it's wise to waste! Because chipped or cracked glasses and china harbor germs it's real wisdom to throw them away. Unsteady pots and pans should be disposed of too, before they fall over on the stove and cause a bad burn. Half-used boxes of caustic or bottles of acid that you'll not be needing again have no more place on your shelves than old medicine prescriptions. Be sure to put these things in closed containers before they are carted away, so children cannot reach them.

Mashed potatoes in one minute is at last a reality. A new dehydrated product plus boiling water and a little milk makes the smoothest, fluffiest, mashed potatoes in just that length of time. It can be made up in large or small quantities—one serving for the baby or 10 for a company meal. There are recipes for potato soup and a new kind of French Fried Potatoes on the package too.

Definitely a gourmet's cookbook, written by a gourmet, is Eliot Elisofen's sophisticated "Food Is a Four Letter Word," published by Rhinehart and Company Inc. Recipes for exotic dishes that can be made at home are introduced by amusing anecdotes of Mr. Elisofen's adventures as a news photographer—and there's a unique foreword by Gypsy Rose Lee.

Top shelves a problem to reach? You'll find your Fitchen tongs a great help in pulling boxes and cans forward on those high, high shelves in your cupboard. Just one more use for this versatile tool that lifts coddled eggs or pint jars from boiling water with equal ease.

There'll be a new wrapping material in the stores soon—a transparent rubber-based plastic film—which has a variety of uses. Being pliable, completely odorproof, moistureproof and grease resistant, it is particularly good for wrapping food that's to be stored in the refrigerator. It will be available in handy rolls with a cutter-edge box. There'll be bowl covers and protective silver service covers of this sturdy material too.

SAFE EYE-GENE Relieves TIRED EYES In SECONDS!

Wonderful EYE-GENE! Just two drops in your eyes that are tired or irritated from wind, glare, overwork, lack of sleep, reading, driving or movies—will relieve, rest, refresh, clear them in seconds. Use it every day. EYE-GENE is safe and gentle. 25¢, 60¢, and \$1.00 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Drugists everywhere. Insist on EYE-GENE!



Wear, irritated
one minute...



Relieved, rested,
cleared the next!

Fiery, Itching Toes and Feet

When feet burn, sting, itch and shoes feel as if they were cutting right into the flesh, get a small bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil and rub well on feet and ankles morning and night for a few days.

A real discovery for thousands who have found blessed relief. Moone's Emerald Oil is easy and pleasant to use—stainless—money back if not satisfied—at good drug-gists everywhere.

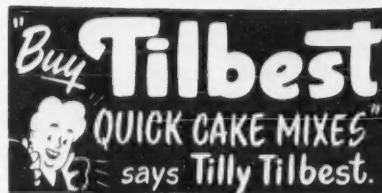


**Hair
OFF Face**
Lips...Arms...Legs
Now Happy! I had ugly superfluous hair... was unloved... discouraged. Tried many things... even razors. Then I developed a simple, inexpensive method that brought satisfactory results. Its regular use helps thousands retain admiration, love, happiness. My FREE book about Superfluous Hair explains method, proves success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also TRIAL OFFER. Write Mme Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 690, Dept. C-216, Toronto, Ontario.

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210 Dundas St. West, Toronto, Canada.





Canadian Gladys Forrester was one of lovely corps de ballet in history-making British dance film, "Red Shoes."

The Shoes That Wouldn't Stop Dancing

YOU PROBABLY don't remember the year talking pictures were first shown in Canada, or even when Technicolor was born. But you can add to these cinematic milestones two of this past year's achievements. One is the celluloid conception of the Shakespeare tragedy "Hamlet" as Sir Laurence Olivier did it. The other—also an English venture—the filming of the full-length ballet "Red Shoes." (Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger for the Archers.)

This latter film, which has pushed the walls of the screen world back as dramatically as it has shaped and broadened the whole scope of pictorial dancing, is not a delicate morsel for balletomanes. It is a rich, deeply chiseled and fully rounded story, but as different from any back- and on-stage drama you have ever seen as a waxed paper rose is from one garden-fresh in the newness of the morning.

You may be able to take your ballet or leave it alone. You won't walk out of "Red Shoes." Apart from the fact that it presents some of the world's greatest ballet stars, a beautiful new full-length ballet and several parts of well-known

familiar ones, it has a moving and adult love story. The Riviera color shots are magnificent, and camera and stage settings for the "Red Shoes" ballet have married to produce an exciting new conception of distance and imperceptibly changing background. The Daliesque quality is often emotionally disturbing.

YOU WILL WANT to discover the exciting new ballet-star-actress for yourself—redheaded Moira Shearer. I won't spoil by going into the trilogy of three stories interwoven beautifully in the presentation of the Old Hans Andersen fairy tale of the red shoes that wouldn't stop dancing until their wearer fell in the exhaustion of death; interwoven with the realism of life in a modern ballet company.

But if you could hear from one of the members of the corps de ballet—Canadian Gladys Forrester of Winnipeg (now of Toronto)—the story behind the making of the picture, you would realize more than ever that its presentation is truly a triumph of magic over matter. Miss Forrester, in London with her former air squadron leader husband, was tested and accepted for the picture because of her sound Canadian ballet training. A single television camera—the only one in Britain—was used, with dozens of repeats on the most difficult sequences while they were filmed from rafters and floor boards and every other conceivable angle. Then there were the artificial silk tights that split at every difficult position, ballet shoes that had to be exchanged for larger sizes as artists worked steadily to save time and production costs until feet were bleeding!

It is particularly to be hoped that over and above the regular run of audiences who will enjoy the story and thrill to the color and dancing of "Red Shoes" a special showing has been arranged for the eager and enthusiastic young men and women who will be in Toronto the week of February 28 to take part in the Canadian Ballet Festival at the Royal Alexandra Theatre. The young ballet dancers are in groups from Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Ottawa and other Canadian cities, evidence of the rising enthusiasm for ballet in this country.

"Red Shoes" would be a wonderful training film. +



Back in Toronto Gladys discusses Canadian Ballet Festival with President Dr. B. M. Sparling, star ballet dancer Ruth Carse.



Like an Angel of Mercy ...to Face and Hands

**4 out of 5 women
Showed Softer, Lovelier
Skin in Doctors' Test.**

RECENTLY, 181 women of all ages took part in a careful skin improvement test supervised by 3 doctors—skin specialists! The women had many common skin troubles—roughness, dryness or skin blemishes.

The doctors explained a new 4 Step Medicated Beauty Routine specifically developed to bring to women the full benefits of Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream. The women used only one cream—night and morning—for 14 days. Each woman's skin was examined through a magnifying lens at 7-day intervals.

Here are the astonishing results:
Of all these women tested, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier skin in 2 weeks!



SIMPLE 4-STEP BEAUTY AID

Don't just cover up a poor complexion. Don't try to hide flaws. Give your skin the glorious aid of Noxzema Medicated Care. Here's a home treatment—easy to do! It brings astonishing results to most women—often in 10 days.

- 1. MORNING**—Bathe face with warm water, then apply Noxzema to a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.
- 2.** Apply Noxzema as a soothing protective powder base to hold make-up.
- 3. EVENING**—Repeat morning cleansing with Noxzema. Dry gently.
- 4.** Massage Noxzema lightly into your face. Pat on extra Noxzema over blemishes, if you have any.



**Softer, Whiter Hands...
Almost Overnight**

Do your hands ever look red, feel raw and rough? Smooth on Noxzema, and see how quickly this medicated formula helps soothe and heal... helps red, rough skin look softer, whiter—often overnight.

**Used by Millions
for Many Skin Irritations**



"Our family doctor recommended Noxzema for adolescent blemishes," writes lovely Mrs. H. Hiestand. "Now I'm married and still use Noxzema regularly at night to help keep my skin clear and unblemished."

Mrs. Lee Smith says, "I do my own housework. You know what that does to your hands. I've never found anything better for chapped hands than Noxzema. Now I use it as both a complexion and hand cream."



Over 25,000,000 jars of Noxzema were used last year. Millions use Noxzema for Chapping, Windburn, Chafing, annoying Rashes, Sunburn and numerous other skin irritations.

Try it yourself. See why it's a favorite beauty cream of so many professional women, actresses and models! At any drug or cosmetic counter. **21¢ 49¢, 69¢ and \$1.39.**

says **ELIZABETH TAYLOR:**

"I Love the Super-Smooth Finish
New Woodbury Powder gives my Skin!"



ELIZABETH TAYLOR,
beautiful co-star
of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"LITTLE WOMEN" wears
satin-smooth
New Woodbury Powder.

See
Why Women Chose
Woodbury
over all leading
brands!



(MADE IN
CANADA)

New Woodbury Powder

In a recent dramatic test, thousands of
women voted New Woodbury
Powder the winner—by the tremendous
average of 4 to 1—over all
other leading brands!

Now see the thrilling difference when
you wear New Woodbury Powder!
Instantly your skin looks beautifully
Satin-smooth! There's no "powdery"
look!—shades are so much warmer,
richer! And 'round you, clinging like
a spell, the enchanting
New Woodbury fragrance!

7 Exciting Shades
69¢, 39¢, 20¢



Photos courtesy
Fashion Futures

TO DYE OR

by **Adele White** Health and Beauty Editor

SOONER or later nearly all of us must decide whether to tint
our hair or let it grow grey.

Hair seldom loses color overnight. It's a stealthy process
over a period of years. At first there's a mere sprinkling,
scarcely noticeable, then gradually the white hairs take over
until the effect is pepper-and-salt or pure white.

There are arguments for and against hair coloring, but the
best advice is definitely against it. Hair stylists, beauty experts
and the majority of menfolk stand out against tampering with
artificial tinting. Hair stylists say grey hair adds dignity and
charm to appearance if it's properly cared for; they say more
stunning hair-dos can be created for grey heads than for blondes
and brunettes. Beauty experts contend grey hair softens lines
in faces—makes skin tones seem more delicate. And as for
men—those blunt critters—they say, "Who do you think you're
fooling with this dye stuff?" (We'll discount this because it
is possible to fool the public with a good tinting job; it's the bad
ones that give the secret away.)

The only two reasons for tinting hair are (a) if you have a job where it's profitable to look as young as possible—in other words when it's good business to dye. Or (b) if you really dislike grey hair—if you haven't learned how to make it pay dividends in good looks.

If you decide to keep your hair its original color, get off to an early start. Otherwise friends who have grown used to seeing you with a silvery topknot will be startled by your sudden New Look after a dye job. The first white hairs are easy to camouflage—you can do it yourself after each hair-washing session. Buy, at your druggist's, a rinse put out by a reliable firm. It comes in powder form and in all shades. Simply mix the rinse powder with water according to directions and pour it through your hair after you've shampooed it. This will only last for a week or so, but between shampoos you can use a hair crayon to cover up white hairs that show through. If you are a brunette, try mixing French bluing with the rinse water. This seems to blend the white into the dark hairs.

As time goes by and white hairs take the lead, you'll have to have a more serious tinting job than just a rinse; if you're determined to keep your hair from showing grey. If you're wise you'll spend the time and the money to go to an experienced hairdresser. Otherwise you may defeat the whole purpose of hair tinting. Because there is nothing more ageing and more harsh than an amateur attempt at hair coloring—especially when it's exposed to bright sunlight. Dyeing is a tricky business—the color is there to

Continued on next page

NATURE'S RIVAL*

PROPORTIONED GIRDLE with MATCHING BRA



GIRDLE — style 796
Made in 3 fittings
Peach only

BRA — style 1348
Diminishing Bust — B & C sizes
White, peach, black

*TRADE MARK REGISTERED

NOT TO DYE



scatter pins—
by Coro

Lovely Coro jewellery to scatter with careful abandon—in a group on your collar... on cuffs... as buttons, on a simple hat, or snug at your waist. At good jewellers everywhere.



Coro
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CORO (CANADA) LIMITED
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stay—there's no second chance. If your head turns out a too brassy or too dark shade, you're stuck with it for a long, long time. Also a bad job of tinting can do serious damage to the texture of the hair. That's why we can't emphasize too strongly the importance of going to an expert—one with training and with a good artistic sense as well.

For a temporary hair tint, one that will last six to eight weeks and which will fade out gradually and evenly, try a preparation called shampoo cocktail. It consists of tint, peroxide and shampoo which your hairdresser mixes together in equal proportions. He lathers this on your hair from five to 10 minutes, depending on how dark a shade you want.

A real hair dyeing will last until the hair grows out. When looking over the color chart, choose two shades lighter than your hair—it will turn out darker than the chart indicates. An experienced hairdresser will always test one strand of hair to see how much presoftening it needs and how long it takes to absorb color. If you'd like a rather subtle touch in hair tinting, have one small strand just off your forehead left undyed. It's most effective, especially with dark hair. And the grey lock sweeping off your brow softens the contrast between hair and complexion.

Although dye is there to stay, every six weeks or so you'll have to be re-touched—as new hair grows in. This is also work for an expert as there is danger of overlapping—of putting more dye on hair already tinted and making it streaky and artificial. If you have a bosom pal who's willing to take infinite time and pains, she can stand over you with a swab of dye and do the retouching. But she'd better be good!

There are so many sound arguments against hair dyeing—there's the time, the trouble, the expense involved and there's always the chance it will turn out badly. Also once started there's the necessity of keeping it up year after year. Unless the circumstances are very special it's a much better thing to let your hair grow grey. Don't be afraid it will make you look older. It can actually be much more youthful if properly dressed and cared for, than hard artificial coloring in contrast to a mature face.

To wear grey hair successfully it must be shampooed frequently and always be brushed to a high gloss. Platinum or violet rinses, if used with discretion, can make a lovely hair shade—one that harmonizes with eyes, lips and complexion. But—only the faintest touch, please! We've all seen those startling purple heads emerge from beauty salons, when rinses have been used with more enthusiasm than skill. To prevent unattractive yellow tinges in grey hair, avoid heat—too hot sun, hot curling irons, the top heat in a drier and too strong heat in permanent waving.

At all times grey heads must be sleek and tailored. Say good-bye to wind-blown effects or shoulder-length bobs. Hair must be expertly cut and tapered, with no bristly ends. It should be set in soft natural waves, upswept, and if it's feather-cut, swirled across the back.

Hair which is allowed to grow grey is healthier, easier to manage and will take a better perm than artificially colored hair. It can also be a gracious and lovely frame for your face. +

Oh!
my **ACHING**
back!

and for

that
stiff
arm,
hip,

and leg

Here's fast relief...

• Muscles stiff and lame after too much exercise? For fast relief, help Nature by rubbing on Absorbine Jr. This stimulates your local circulation... enables fresh blood to bring invigorating nourishment to areas where applied. Pain eases, stiffness "loosens up"... you can relax and enjoy life! Get a bottle of time-proved Absorbine Jr. today and always keep it handy. \$1.25 at all drugstores.

W. F. Young, Inc.,
Lyman House, Montreal.



Ah!
my **Absorbine Jr.**

For Soft Caressable Hands!
CASHMERE BOUQUET
Lotion
with the soothing effects of
LANOLIN and GLYCERINE

Protect your beautiful hands from dryness, chapping, with Cashmere Bouquet Almond Lotion.

Massage this creamy lotion generously into your hands, elbows, wherever soothing protection is desired.

Never greasy, never sticky, Cashmere Bouquet's bland ingredients replace natural skin oils. Keep your hands soft, smooth, kissable.



Get Cashmere Bouquet **PEACH LOTION** for a powder foundation smooth as velvet.

Cashmere Bouquet Lotion

Fashion Shorts ☆ ☆ ☆

Right as rain—Plastic glamour spats, something new in rainwear. At long last designers have become conscious of the fact that many of us are mud spatterers. Glamour spats come in handy in those seasons before and after winter when galoshes are too heavy. Come rain, you snap them on neatly over your low or high heels. Come shine, you unsnap, fold up and tuck them into their handy little purse-size container. What will they think of next!

It's June in January and spring in November with the people who make fashion their business. The designers of your Easter bonnet and spring ensembles were busy placing feathers 'n' flowers and matching color for color long before you had even thought of donning your fur coat. And in local fashion circles they are looking to a gayer, brighter spring. Pastels are on the color palette, pale hues that flatter all women. And navy looks like a fashion first again. You can hold that hemline—any length from 12 to 14 inches looks right. Come Easter you'll see prints to challenge any flower garden... pastel crepes worn with talented little companion jackets. Sounds good, doesn't it?

Twilight costumes... A lovely sounding phrase. Translated it means a more elegant way of looking, for after-five wear. Stiff brocades, taffetas, silky-looking failles and supple crepes. All are transformed into regal clothes to be worn from before dinner into the night.

Their hemlines are a little longer than daytime requires, their necklines a little more daring, and they are complemented by small head-hugging hats. Try web-sheer Chantilly lace over a sheath of a crepe dress, and you'll know what we mean.

A wardrobe of earrings... If you are a collector of pretty earrings you'll probably welcome the suggestion for adding many new pairs. Here's how to have several novel sets for practically nothing. Just rummage through the catch-all button box and pick out pairs of the prettiest ones. File off the backs. Glue earring backs onto the buttons and presto... unusual earrings for you. (P.S.—Earring backs may be found at any notion counter.)

There's color afoot... Color is everywhere this spring season, and it highlights a well-shod foot. In the softer casual shoes you will see tone-on-tone combinations in blues and browns. Brilliant shades of yellow, light royal-blue, green and orange-red. You'll feel as if you are walking on air in the lovely silver strap slippers for your best dressed-up look.

It's straight goods for spring... Last year we were caught in the whirl of swirling skirts. This year the silhouettes are two... the modified full skirt and the straight. But the tendency in suits and dresses seems to be toward the straighter skirt. It's either slim as a reed or straight with a suggestion of subtle fullness in the back. Width, this year, will be expressed in the boxy or flared skirt. +

THE FASHION . . . PALE VELVET HANDS WITH WHISPERING FINGERTIPS



ELIZABETH ARDEN'S

Ardena Hand-O-Tonik and Crimson Lilac Nail Lacquer

From shoulder to fingertip... Ardena Hand-O-Tonik! So extra-protective, so richly concentrated that every single drop counts! Lightens, softens, soothes, of course... but, because Elizabeth Arden creates it, does even more... leaves a non-sticky invisible after-film that continues to protect against wind and weather. (For pretty fingertips, wear a new whispering lacquer tone... Crimson Lilac is the latest.)

Ardena Hand-O-Tonik 1.25 and 2.25
Nail Lacquer, 1.00 Foolproof Undercoat, 1.00

Everything else to keep your hands pale-velvet-beautiful, too:
Camellia Emollient Hand Cream... wards off age signs, 1.75

Ardena Cuticle Cream, 1.75
Ardena Bleachine Cream... helps lighten discolored hands, 1.50
For more stubborn cases: Ardena Bleach Cream, 1.85

Elizabeth Arden

AT SMARTEST SHOPS IN EVERY TOWN

Queen Elizabeth

1533—1603



This is the year to visit

Historic BRITAIN

Come this year to friendly, hospitable Britain. A crowded calendar of cultural and sporting events has been planned for your enjoyment... Age-old traditional pageantry and ceremonial... the glamour of the London "season"... festivals of drama and music... sporting occasions like the Grand National, the Derby, golf at St. Andrews... Britain is eager to welcome you, but—make your reservations for transportation and hotels early. See your travel agent—now.

COMING EVENTS

Shakespeare Festival,
Stratford-upon-Avon,
April 14—October
British Industries Fair,
May 2—13
Racing: The
Derby—The Oaks, June
1—4
Wimbledon
International Lawn Tennis
Tournament, June 20—
July 2.



The Tower of London

COMING EVENTS

Bath Assembly, Music,
Opera, Drama, May 8—23
Trooping the Colour,
June 9
Open Golf
Championship,
Deal, July 4—8
Edinburgh International
Festival of Music
and Drama, August 21—
September 11.

Information and illustrated literature from The British Travel Association
(Tourist Division of the British Tourist and Holidays Board), 372 Bay
Street, Toronto, Ont., or Room 410 Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, Que.

BT-19M

This year prints are prettier, and lovely fabrics adapt themselves especially to patterns such as these . . .



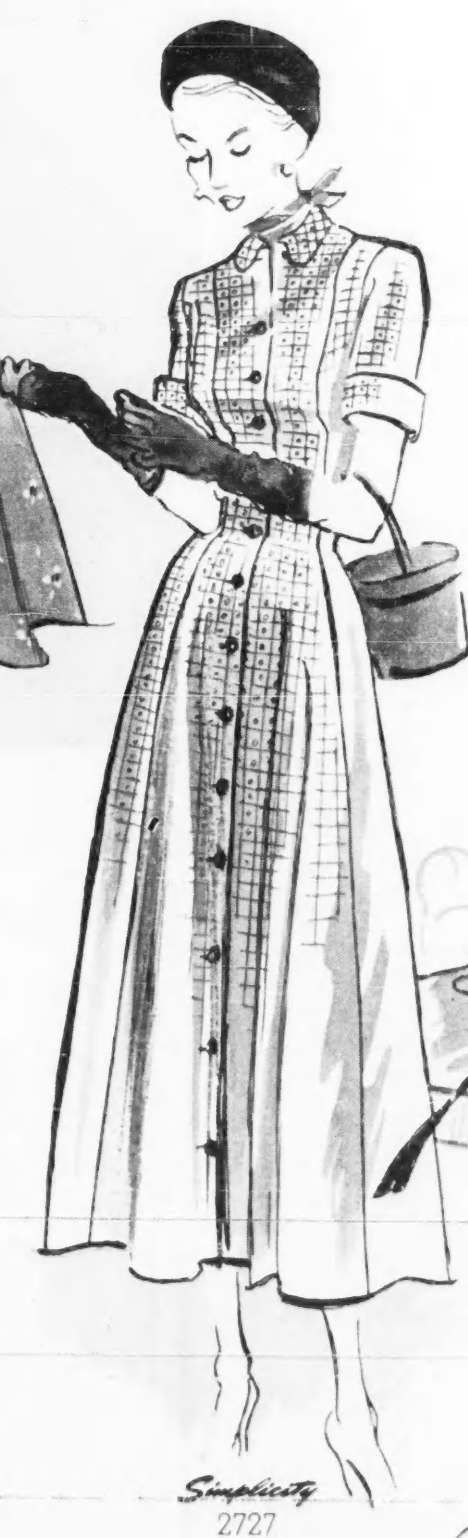
Patterned for Prints

It's your dress if you are five foot five or under. It's triple tiered to give you height, and slim as a willow reed. The dart-fitted bodice is styled with a shaped neckline to give you a chance to show off your favorite jewelry. Make it in a print to rival spring, or plain with a bunch of make-believe flowers at your waist. No. 2726.

*Pattern descriptions and details
for ordering, see page 66*

It's your dress if you are five foot five or over. If you love the swish and swirl of a fuller skirt, then you'll choose this pattern. Panels of softly falling, gently flowing skirt . . . a cluster of four soft pleats in the back . . . a dart-fitted bodice gives you that smooth fit. A shawl collar rolls down to meet the buttons of the bodice. Like it? That's for you. No. 2722.

Yours for the wearing. An easy - into, button-down-the-front style with the gracefully shaped lines of the princess style. It's a dress that is easily adapted to the lovely silky-feeling fabrics. You'll be able to run this one up jiffy-quick and we bet you'll bless its wearable ways. No. 2727.



Anybody's choice. This one has summer's sunny approval as well as being spring's gay choice. The collar framing the U neckline is designed to boast scatter pins. The skirt is seamed down the centre front and joins the petal-like bodice at the natural waistline. Like the ribbon belt? Why not let it blend with the colors of your prettiest hat! No. 2726.

**I haven't
the time**



to bother

with pins, belts
and external pads!

How would you like to get dressed on those "certain days of the month" without any extra fussing with belt, pins and external pad? Millions of other women do that and—more important still—they have day-long relief from the distractions of these encumbrances. . . . You can join these freedom-loving women by turning to Tampax for monthly sanitary protection. In use Tampax is both *invisible* and *unfelt*!

This modern Tampax is worn internally. An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in applicators for easy insertion. No outside bulk to twist, bulge or show "edge-lines." No chafing. No odor. May be worn in the bath. Changing is quick—and disposal no trouble (only 1/15 the size of external pad).

Start using Tampax this very month. It certainly helps a woman's self-confidence at a difficult time. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior—for varying needs. Average month's supply slips into purse. Economy box holds 4 months' average supply. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.



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by the Journal of the American Medical Association

CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LIMITED,
Brampton, Ont.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of
Tampax. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of mailing. Size
is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Prov..... TX9-9

Beauty Brevities

IF YOU DO your hair and nails at home, plan a weekly shampoo and manicuring session at the same time. Your hands will be soft and easy to work on after they've had a thorough soaking in warm sudsy water. It's best, however, to file nails before washing your hair as they're easier to shape when dry and hard. Here's the order of procedure: File nails to a pretty oval shape; shampoo, rinse and set your hair in pin-curls; then while hair is drying, press down cuticles, apply undercoat and nail polish.

A KINDLY READER has written to say that although she follows our beauty hints faithfully, we've never hit on her special problem—which is big ears. There's nothing to be done to reduce the size of ears, but plenty can be done with cleverly designed hair styles to conceal them. Above all avoid upswept hair-dos (they're out of style this season any way). Wear your hair well down at the sides to cover partially the lobes of your ears. Then go in for large-sized earrings, so ears and earrings are in proper proportion. With this combination only you yourself will know your ears aren't the dainty shells you'd like them to be. Besides, big ears are a sign of intelligence and generosity—so they say.

SINCE WE'RE on the subject of out-size features, let's talk about teeth. A rule to remember is that the fuller the lips, the smaller the teeth will appear in comparison. Use your lip brush with precision and discretion to draw a line just a little above your natural mouthline, if you would like to minimize the size of your ivories.

A WELL-KNOWN authority on charm and good looks claims that, without artifice, her nose would appear long and thin. To foreshorten this lengthy number, she invariably wears a hat with a veil reaching just above the tip of her nose. The success of this trick we can vouch for, as we've seen her on many occasions and always thought she was nose perfect.

FRANKLY, THE idea of cutting and shaping hair, unless it's done by an expert, sounds pretty precarious. But for those who are daring enough to tackle the project, there's an intriguing gadget, just new on the market, which cuts through one of the drawbacks to home perms. It's a combination comb and razor which tapers and thins out hair in just the right places—with no danger of removing hunks at a time. Easy to use as a man's safety razor if you're nimble-fingered enough to be your own hairdresser.



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Simplicity 2735

The spectator look . . . The belted coat has it. It's flared in back and straight in front; may be belted or worn full. Big comfy patch pockets have little inner pockets that are lined. The large notched collar makes it fun to wear with your brightest silk scarf. In the seven-eighths version your coat is completely changed into a jaunty short coat to wear over suit or dress. No. 2735.

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering, see page 66



Simplicity 2615

Simplicity 2613

Simplicity 2733

The ladylike look . . . A coat that looks as if it stepped right out of a Victorian picture is this one with its slimming ways, to give you a trim silhouette. Its little capelette is detachable. Idea! Line the coat and cape with polka-dot crepe or pure silk to be worn with a matching dress. No. 2615.

The dapper look . . . This year's version of last year's full coat is so carefully handled that there is just the slightest suggestion of fullness in the back, giving the front a straight slim appearance. Here it is in Simplicity Pattern 2613. Its special features are top stitching, Peter Pan collar, and deep-cuffed sleeves.

The casual look . . . Here's a coat that has informal ways yet still remains smart and trim. It will lead a busy life over skirts, slacks and suits. This topper has a convertible collar, welt pockets trimmed with flaps and long-cuffed sleeves. Lining is optional (but lined to match your favorite skirt might be a novel idea). No. 2733.



Child Health Clinic



Everybody happy? Laila is, which means she's healthy too. She's a top-priority item on their budget, and one of the important reasons why her proud parents, young Bill and Marie Menzies, consider themselves "Rich on \$40 a Week." (Page 14.)

Training Your Baby (Part 2)

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

IT IS A great relief when your baby learns how to keep dry, but you will achieve this more easily if you do not go at your training program too hard.

Actually, your baby does most of the training himself. He learns how to control his bladder—you merely teach him where he should urinate. Most babies are not ready to learn bladder control until they are about 15 months old. Previous to this time, however, you should change him frequently so that he becomes used to being dry and prefers to be that way. When you start your training program, you would be wise to buy him pants, which can be easily pulled up and down. In addition they provide an incentive toward keeping dry. Incidentally, all his clothes in the preschool period should be easy to manage so that he can learn by degrees how to undress and later how to dress himself. Small toilet chairs, which fit over a chamber, and in which he can place his feet on the floor, are more satisfactory than small seats that fit on the toilet. If you do use the latter, be sure you provide a foot rest.

There are two common training methods that may be used. In the first, he is put on his chair before and after meals, and when he wakes from his night's sleep and after his nap. Do not leave him on his chair for more than five minutes, even though nothing happens. If you leave him on longer, he will likely rebel, and you do not want him to object to going on his chair. If he does become annoyed with this system, you had better delay your training and use the second method which is outlined later on. When he wets himself, as he will very often, especially at first, don't scold him, shame him or show any sign of disappointment. Just change him calmly. If you do become annoyed, he may even wet himself in order to get a "rise" out of you.

Sometimes he will tell you by pulling at his pants that he is wet. This is a sign that he is learning and he does not do it with any idea of annoying you. Actually he has little warning before he has to empty his bladder. You should say "toilet" or some other simple word when you put him on his chair, so that later on he can tell you when he needs to go.

When you have made some progress

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When Colds
Are Prevalent

A SIMPLE TEST—Rinse mouth and throat thoroughly with Lavoris diluted half with water, and expel into basin of clear water. Note the amount of stringy matter expelled.

What every mother should know about Infant Diet



When Baby needs orange juice

Your doctor may recommend orange juice before baby is a month old. When he does, remember that orange juice is best squeezed fresh and used immediately. However, it may be kept several hours if placed in a covered jar and kept cool in an ice-box. If left exposed to air, it loses a great deal of its Vitamin C content. From the time orange juice is first given the baby until the end of the second month, it is best to strain and dilute it with an equal amount of water. By the end of the second month, baby can usually be fed one to two ounces of undiluted orange juice a day.

When Baby needs solid foods

Your baby is usually four months' old before your doctor suggests that semi-solid foods be added to his menu. When that time comes, there's a taste treat in store for him—25 varieties of Heinz Baby Foods—every one specially cooked to retain minerals and other wholesome nutrients in high degree—every one expertly strained to baby digestibility.



When Baby needs tomato juice

Tomato juice can usually be fed your baby to replace orange juice. Many babies can safely be fed more than two ounces each day. It is not necessary to dilute tomato juice with water.

When Baby needs coarse foods

"Bibbed" and tucked in the baby's own special chair—and usually ten months' old—your baby's probably ready now for coarser-textured Heinz Junior Foods. The 16 varieties you'll find at your grocer's include meat products, diced and chopped vegetables, 3 desserts, and also a Vegetable Beef Dinner—all nutritious and appetizing—all in the convenient 5 oz. vacuum-sealed tins.



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in this training program, that is when he does use the chair fairly frequently, you can begin putting him on it in the middle of the morning and the middle of the afternoon. If he is busy at something, warn him a few minutes before taking off to his chair, so that he is not suddenly interrupted. All through your aim is to have him accept this routine without objection. Until he is four years old or so, you would be wise to continue taking him to the toilet at regular intervals, rather than letting him take on this responsibility himself.

The second training system is as follows. It is not begun until the child is able to stay dry for two hours at a time. Many children can do this by the age of 15 months. In a few this occurs earlier—the others are a little older. Whenever you find your baby has been dry for about two hours, you put him on his chair. Consequently he won't go on it too often and he likely will use it when he does. You can be sure too that his bladder is growing up and that he is ready to learn.

As time passes he will be dry oftener for two hours at a time and therefore he will go to his chair oftener. You would be wise to promote him to pants when you start his training. Be sure that he is reasonably warm, because chilliness makes it harder for him to control his bladder. He is more apt to have accidents also when he is excited or absorbed with some occupation.

Sometime between the ages of two and three years, most children learn to keep dry during the day. Boys are a little slower on the whole than girls. Most youngsters are between three and four before they learn to keep the bed dry. If your child is slower than the upper limits mentioned you would be wise to talk over your problems with your physician or a child specialist. +

Pattern Descriptions

2733—Topper, sizes 12-20. Size 16: 2 1/4 of 34". Lining: 2 1/2 of 39"; 25c.
2615—Coat with detachable cape, sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 14: 6 1/2 of 35"; 4 of 54" plaid with nap. Lining: 4 1/2 of 39"; 25c.
2613—Coat, sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44. Size 16: 3 3/4 of 54". Lining: 3 3/4 of 39"; 25c.
2727—Dress, sizes 12-20. Size 16: 5 of 35"; 25c.
2735—Coat, sizes 12-20. Size 16: Long length: 4 1/4 of 54". Lining: 4 of 39". Short length: 3 3/4 of 54". Lining: 3 3/4 of 39"; 25c.
2722—Dress, sizes 12-20. Size 16: 4 1/4 of 35"; 25c.
2744—Dress, sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 14: 3 1/4 of 35". Tie belt: 2 of 1 1/2 width; 25c.
2726—Dress, sizes 12-20. Size 16: 3/4 sleeves: 3 3/4 of 39". With short sleeves: 3 1/2 of 39"; 25c.
Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.



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Fall for Me

Continued from page 42

"I wish you wouldn't use that tone," Berit flared. "Why do you dislike Ricky so?"

"I don't," George said. "He's all right. But not for you. I have a feeling you'd be miserable with a man like Redding. He's a professional spectator."

"What in the world do you mean by that?"

"I mean he sits on the sidelines watching other people swim the creek and then writes about it. Ordinary people. Even as me and thee."

"Do you mean to imply that his books are inaccurate?"

"Not at all. He reports life as he sees it, only sometimes he sees it a little bigger than the rest of us do. And occasionally the adventures he observes other people having he transfers to himself. You might call him a mirror."

"You might," Berit said icily. "Not me." She rose and started up the hill.

Ricky was in the bar conversing in French with a circle of admirers.

"Patois," he said, catching sight of her. "The French they speak here is nothing like the Parisian French. Your cheeks, dream girl. What have you been doing?"

"My cheeks? Oh." She laughed and held her hands to her tingling face. "That's all natural color. I've been skiing. I went down a big hill," she added with justifiable pride. "It was fun. Come on."

"Now?" Ricky looked reluctant. "I don't feel like skiing."

"Why not?" She studied him anxiously. "I thought you liked it."

Ricky squirmed. "As a matter of fact," Ricky said, "if you have to know, I am not what you would call a finished skier. It's one of the things I didn't get around to. There always seemed to be something else to do—meetings and lectures and such. You know how it is."

"Yes," Berit stared at him. "I know."

"Well, you don't have to look at me like that," Ricky said testily.

"Like what?"

"Like a stricken doe."

"I wasn't."

"You were too."

"Well, I was thinking. About mirrors."

"I don't get it," Ricky said plaintively. "You look all right. You don't need a mirror."

"Maybe I don't," Berit agreed, "at that. I wonder. Come on, let's go."

GEORGE AND GLIN were waiting on the brow of Hill 17. So, apparently, was half the population of Quebec. Ricky, uncrossing his skis for the twentieth time, stopped and surveyed the scene without enthusiasm.

"I trust we aren't going down there," he ventured over his nylon scarf. "Look at all the people. What on earth are they waiting for?"

"You," George explained happily. "They're waiting to see you ski. I told them you were coming."

"Oh, no," Ricky gulped and blanched. "Why would anyone want to see me ski?"

"A good question," George approved. "Maybe they read 'Alpine Quest.' Any man who could take those peaks would certainly be a whiz on these hills."

Ricky stared at him with the piteous

Continued on inside back cover

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Chatelaine

Vol. 22 No. 2
for FEBRUARY

Spring Building Issue

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Continued from page 67

expression of a cornered fox. He opened his mouth to speak, but at that precise moment a shove of the crowd sent him forward over the brow of the hill. Berit, lost in a sea of eager humanity, struggled to the surface in time to see her hero's skis setting out on their respective treks for Sun Valley and the Arctic Circle. Ricky, who was bending forward in the manner of a bloodhound picking up a trail, looked back over his shoulder, waved his arms wildly and folded up like a jackknife one third of the way down the hill.

There was a moment of stunned silence. Then, like a tidal wave breaking loose, a shout of approval broke from the crowd.

"He's putting on a show!"

"Three cheers for Redding!"

"He should be on the stage!"

Berit turned to George. "They think he's fooling," she gasped. "Do something. Don't just stand there."

George shrugged. "What can I do? Do you want to disillusion his public? Besides you know how crowds are once they get hold of an idea. Remember the French Revolution?"

"But Ricky. What about Ricky?"

"Ricky's all right," George said. "In fact this may do him good. It may develop his latent sense of humor. It wouldn't hurt Ricky to learn to laugh at himself. I for one am enjoying this."

"You would," Berit snapped. "Oh, dear! They're going to make him do it again. The poor guy. What in the world shall I do?"

"Stop whining," Glin drawled beside her. "George is right. Ricky doesn't need your sympathy. He doesn't need anything except lots of nice juicy curtain calls."

"Sure," said George. "When he gets over the initial shock he'll enjoy this. Can't you see that?"

"All I can see," Berit said wrathfully, "is that you are an unbearable ill-mannered boor and I no longer intend to stay in your society. Or your employ. As of now you may consider me disassociated with the MacIvane Publishing Company and any characters connected therewith." She turned with clumsy dignity and set off down the trail.

Back at the lodge she divested herself of her skis and tramped belligerently in to the desk.

"Transportation," she hissed at the startled room clerk. "To Montreal. When?"

The clerk looked pained. "You just got here," he protested. "Don't you like the lodge?"

"I like it fine," Berit said. "It's not your fault that there are a couple of polecats on the loose."

"Polecats." His eyes crossed. "There couldn't be. Wrong season."

"This is a hardy breed," Berit said. "What about the transportation?"

"Let's see. There's a train due soon. Very soon though. Twenty minutes."

"I can make it," Berit said, and stamped off to get her luggage.

She was waiting on the station platform when the little train came puffing around the mountain amid a clamor of whistles and bells. Berit climbed aboard and found a seat in an air-conditioned coach. Armed with a copy of the evening paper, she settled herself grimly for some constructive reading. She had perused four headlines when someone

plunked down in the seat beside her. She inched over grudgingly.

"Some bellboys," a voice said blandly in her ear, "make an amazing amount of money."

BERIT TURNED and glared at her erstwhile employer. "I prefer to have this seat to myself," Berit said, "and just what mysterious meaning am I supposed to draw from that remark?"

"Nothing in particular," George said, yawning. "I was just wondering if I mightn't retire from the publishing business and get a job at one of these lodges."

"Do that," Berit said sweetly. "and their clientele will evaporate like spring snow."

"You take that bellboy at the lodge," George went on imperturbably. "The little snub-nosed one. The one to whom you gave five dollars."

"I gave him five dollars!" Berit laughed airily. "I guess you don't realize there's a fair amount of Scotch blended into my ancestry."

"He said you did. Said it was so he'd be sure and let me know—subtly—that you were taking this train. He said," George added, "that he saw you tearing up an autographed portrait of the great Ricky Redding."

"Imagination!" Berit snorted. "Why would I do a thing like that?"

"I'm not sure," George said, "but I can guess. I noticed the disillusioned expression on your little puss when I didn't follow through on my impulse back there on the hill. It corroborated something I've suspected for quite a while."

"I'm not interested," declared Berit. "Don't go on."

"If I didn't," George said, "you'd likely hurl yourself under the train wheels. The plain and beautiful truth is that you're in love with me. You have been for ages, but you were all mixed up and bedazzled by adolescent dreams of being married to a colorful critter like Redding. Some girls mature slowly."

"Hah!" Berit chortled. "Do you honestly mean to sit there and tell me that I've been nourishing an unrequited passion for you?"

"Unrequited!" George breathed. "Perish the thought! Matter of fact I've had you earmarked for private consumption since the day you straggled in looking for work. You were such a sweet little dunce," he reminisced fondly. "Sweet and simple. But completely fog-bound. I had to let you find out for yourself that Nature intended you to play hob with my blood pressure. It's a good thing you woke up before we were too old and grey to appreciate the fact." He took her hand and held it complacently.

"Purely theoretical," Berit quavered, eyeing the captive paw. "What makes you think there's any attraction between us? You've never even kissed me."

"Stop hinting," George ordered. "You shameless hussy. So I've never kissed you." He drew her to him and proceeded to rectify this oversight.

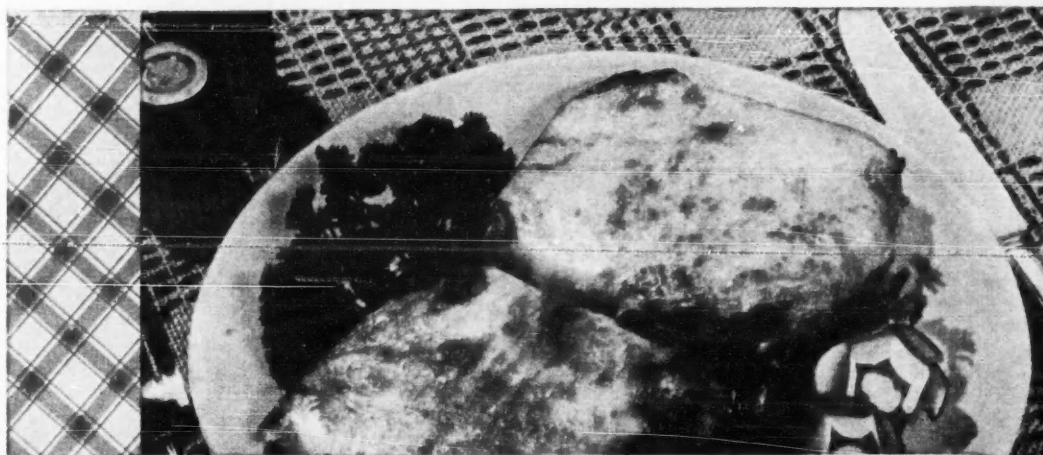
"Maybe," George said, raising his head, "maybe I'll write a book about love. My girl has a penchant for authors."

Berit sighed blissfully. "In that case, perhaps you'd better kiss me again. You have to do a lot of research if you're going to write a book." +

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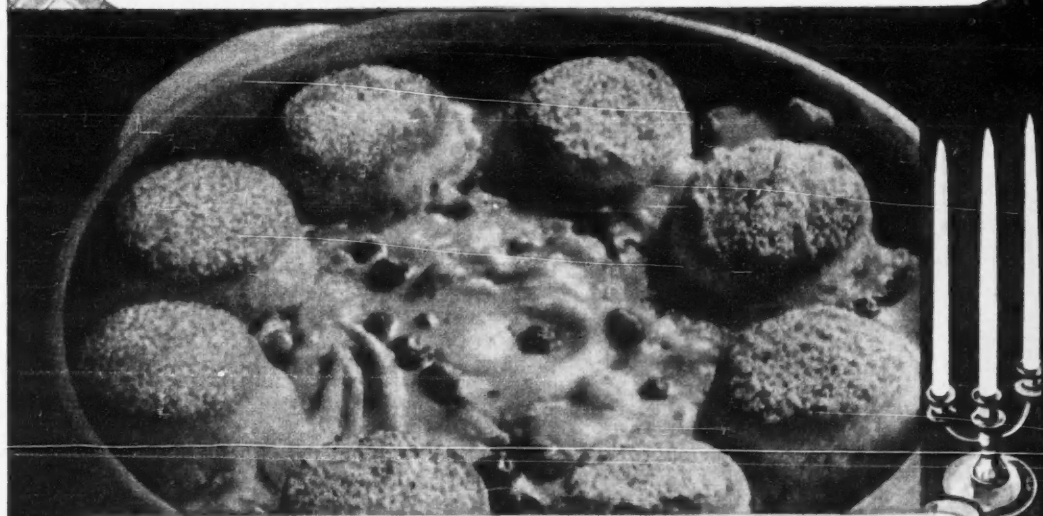


Homespun—Melted Ingersoll Cheese Sandwich

Everybody knows the ingredients:

A slice or two of bread toasted
Generous slices of *Ingersoll Cheese*
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A sprinkling of paprika.

Put the cheese on the toast, sprinkle with paprika, and place under the broiler until cheese is melted — and the answer is good eating in a sandwich. It's that flavor of real cheese that makes an *Ingersoll* sandwich something extra in enjoyment.



High Style—Poularde au Fromage

Blend $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold chicken broth; add to 2 cups broth; cook in top of double boiler, stirring occasionally until thickened. Add dash of red pepper or paprika. $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced boiled or steamed chicken, 1 cup cooked peas. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ package *Ingersoll Rideau Cheese*, diced (notice how smoothly it blends in). Remove from heat, stir until *Rideau* is melted. Add 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced, and more salt if needed. Turn mixture into $1\frac{1}{2}$ -quart casserole.

Make a soft biscuit dough, substituting $\frac{1}{2}$ cup yellow corn meal for same amount of all-purpose flour in your regular 2 cups flour biscuit recipe. Cut out small biscuits $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Brush tops with 2 teasp. melted butter; dip tops lightly into 1 tbsp. corn meal. Arrange biscuits on chicken-*Rideau* mixture. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) about 30 minutes or until browned. Makes 6 servings.



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